

75 CENTS

MAY 12, 1975

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TIME

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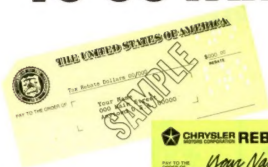
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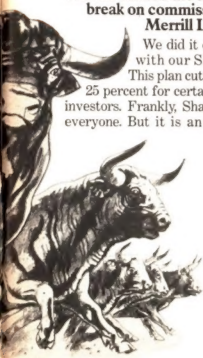
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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

With North Vietnamese rocket and artillery fire raking their converted tennis-court helipad, Time Correspondents Roy Rowan and William Stewart, along with Photographers Dirck Halstead and Mark Godfrey, choppered out of Tan Son Nhut airport last Tuesday shortly before Communist advance units entered downtown "Ho Chi Minh city." Rowan's and Stewart's accounts of the final American evacuation, cable from the U.S.S. *Blue Ridge* in the South China Sea, appear in this week's Indochina cover section.

Already safely out of Indochina were the other men who had covered the disintegration of Cambodia and South Viet Nam for TIME: Peter Range, William McWhirter, David Aikman and former Phnom-Penh Stringer Steven Heder. All looked back on two months of dangerous work during which they often dodged rocket-borne shrapnel while moving among insurgent armies and panicked refugees; they took sad professional satisfaction in being able to report the end of the tragic story. News of the evacuation also stirred memories among the correspondents who have reported Indochina's wars for TIME since our Saigon bureau opened in 1966. Their recollections of the fallen capital, and the lost American crusade headed there, begin on page 16.

On the receiving end of the cables from Indochina, writers, editors and reporter-researchers in New York have also shouldered an exhausting work load. Since the South Vietnamese route has logged 70- and 80-hour weeks, producing the articles that went with seven of the past eight TIME covers. The staff, under Senior Editors John Elson, Jason McManus and Ronald Kriss, has consisted of members of both our Nation and World sections. The principal contributors: Associate Editors Frank Merrick, Burton Pines and William Smith. Reporter-Researchers Marta Dorion, Sara Medina, Betty Suker, Susan Reed and Genevieve Wilson. Staff Writer Richard Bernstein, our resident China-watcher, who traveled through the putative "domino" nations of Southeast Asia before joining TIME in 1973, has written many of the main narrative stories during this period.

FROM TOP: STEWART, ROWAN, HALSTEAD

Ralph P. Davidson

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FORUM

Was It Jimmy Who?

To the Editors:

Billie Jean King did more for tennis than Jimmy Connors [April 28] could ever do. By the way, Chris Evert was the one who turned the public on to Jimmy Connors. Before they got together, it was Jimmy Who?

John Burkart
Palo Alto, Calif.

Bill Riordan's statement that Jimmy Connors has "turned the public on to tennis" is like saying that Linda Lovelace has turned the public on to sex.

Don Enders
Willingboro, N.J.

Win or lose against Newcombe, Jimmy will still be No. 1 for what he has done for tennis. His fellow pros owe him

longer the easy draw or easy first round. Anyone, on his day, might beat anyone else. That the top-ranking pros can keep their games at championship peak throughout the year continues to astound many of us who paced ourselves in a more leisurely way toward the major tournaments.

The game of a Jimmy Connors or a Margaret Court might be expected to sap too much energy for consistent performances. But the quality of play seldom seems to lose its edge.

Today's top professionals may not be greater players than the greats of the past, but they have brought new vitality, a new look and a high standard of technical skill to the game.

Helen Hull Jacobs
East Hampton, N.Y.

U.S. women's singles champion four years in a row (1932-35), Helen Hull Jacobs beneficently popularized women's shorts for tournament play.

Tunnel's End

The debate over Indochina [April 28] is as revealing as ever. Although the war effort has failed, those who supported that effort will continue to lay the failure at the doorstep of every variable involved except their own gross miscalculations and erroneous assumptions. There never was anything but darkness at either end of the tunnel.

David E. Jakob
Arlington, Va.

For future guidance: at \$3,540 per acre, we could have bought South Viet Nam with our \$150 billion and saved hundreds of thousands of lives.

Richard M. Sibley
Mexico City

Professor Walt Rostow's letter [April 21] is a laugh. It is interesting that he, one of the main architects of our Viet Nam policy under President Johnson, admits that "substantial errors have been made." He and other hawks in high places were the promoters of the policy that got us more and more deeply involved in this tragic situation.

J. Vincent Conlin
Madison, Wis.

It has been five years since Allison, Sandy, Bill and Jeff were killed by Ohio Guardsmen. They were killed because they, along with others, were protesting our incursion into Cambodia. What do we have to show for these five years of more war in Indochina except thousands of American soldiers killed, 1 million Cambodians killed or wounded, hun-



at least a "Good morning" for all the money he has brought into the game and their pockets.

Cynthia R. McGinnes
Chestertown, Md.

There must be someone more deserving to be on the cover of your magazine than Jimmy Connors.

As a tennis enthusiast, I cannot see how he has contributed anything but bad publicity to the game. Anyone who thrives on the antagonism of the crowd and shuns his fellow players has deep psychological problems, not to mention a total lack of social amenities.

Karen L. Davidson
Fairfax, Va.

As a professional sport, tennis has taken a gigantic leap in popularity. Credit has to go to the great players who are so much more numerous now than in the days of amateurism that we can expect first-class tournaments simultaneously.

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FORUM

dreds of thousands of refugees, rampant inflation in our land, unemployment and destroyed dominoes?

Allison was right when she stated, "Flowers are better than bullets."

Arthur and Doris Krause
Pittsburgh

The writers are the parents of Allison Krause, who was shot at Kent State University on May 4, 1970.

How come, when we engage in humanitarian activities re Viet Nam, we are atoning for our collective sins? Is it possible that China, Russia, etc., do not engage in such activities because they have no guilt in connection therewith, or because they have no conscience?

(The Rev.) Ben G. Hoffmann
New Orleans

Surely we fought so long in South Viet Nam because we believed that all its people would suffer under Communism. I therefore propose that we evacuate the entire nation. Let them all vote with their feet and come to America!

To preserve their national identity the Vietnamese would have to be settled in one area. We have plenty of room—in Alabama, for example, where they would feel at home in the lush vegetation of that subtropical climate. Why must we give up on Vietnamization? It was not the policy but the place that was wrong. Vietnamization could work in Alabama, given the proper leadership. Mr. Nixon was correct in ranking Mr. Thieu among the top leaders on this planet. I nominate Thieu as the first governor of the new state of Vietnam.

David Winter
Scottsville, Va.

Bicentennial Kohoutek

After standing around for two hours being sandwiched into a massive crowd, I came to the conclusion that the beginning of the Bicentennial was to be a disappointment equaling that of Comet Kohoutek.

One ritual was enough to make me realize the best way to celebrate was to do reading and exploring on my own. No crowds, no politicians—just Boston and its splendid history.

Barbara Licari
Boston

As a resident of a state rich in Revolutionary history, I was interested to read how Americans would be celebrating the nation's Bicentennial. Conspicuous by its absence was any mention of the role of women. Too often history is dissected into the contributions of the few when credit should be given to the combined efforts of the many.

American women are among those who should be recognized for the vital role they played in the developing chapters of our nation's history. Linda Grant De Pauw, author of the first Bicentennial

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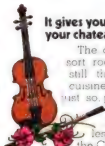
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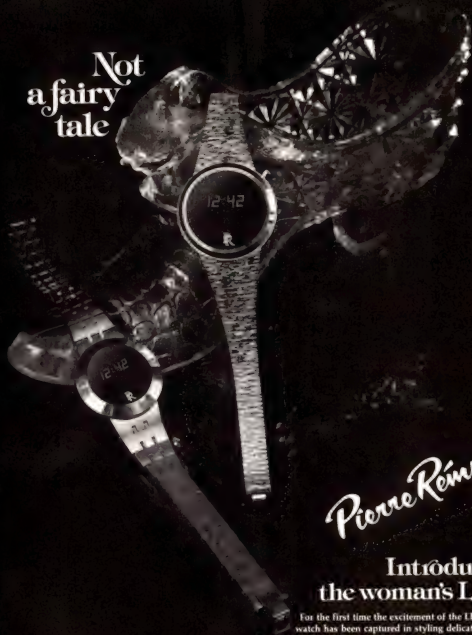


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work on the women of New York State, cites examples of the diverse roles played throughout the colonial era. While Iroquois women determined important Indian issues, early Dutch settlers respected and encouraged their women's skills as traders. Revolutionary women not only accompanied their husbands into battle but often took up the musket themselves.

In TIME's subsequent issues, attention might be given to the many Bicentennial activities focusing on the integral part women played in history.

Mary Anne Krupsak
Albany, N.Y.

Miss Krupsak is the nation's first woman Lieutenant Governor.

Your article states that many Midwestern communities "have had to draw on events of a century after the Revolution," citing as an example the George Rogers Clark Exhibit that opens next February at the Indiana State Museum.

May I point out that George Rogers Clark captured the British fort at Vincennes, Ind., in February of 1779.

If it hadn't been for Clark and his small band, the Midwest edition of TIME might require foreign postage today.

Jan Finney, Curator of Education
Indiana State Museum
Indianapolis

Not Amused

The function of community colleges apparently is "fuzzy" to Caroline Bird and your writer of "Case Against College" [April 21].

Our member institutions do not amuse "superfluous 18-year-old" students. Average age in community colleges nationally is now over 28. Many students are adults and senior adults. More than half are already employed and attend college part time to upgrade skills.

They don't need amusing.
Edmund J. Gleazer Jr., President
American Association of Community and Junior Colleges
Washington, D.C.

Oh, my God, another "expert" on education! Alas, Caroline Bird's homework was not well done, as your reviewer implied it was. Students are not locked into majors in their freshman year; they change majors as fast as the utility companies change rates.

Granted, college is not for everybody. However, it does keep kids off the street, as do sports, clubs and marriages. It is probably the least expensive of the four.

Robert Oris
Henry Ford Community College
Dearborn, Mich.

TV and Crime

Why are we so reluctant to place some blame for the frightening "Crime Boom" [April 14] on the electronic devices in all of our homes? If TV can make us buy a certain brand of deodorant and teach our children to count to 10 before age three, why can it not also be "programming" our youngsters to commit crimes of violence?

In addition to "calling attention to" deterrence of crime, perhaps Attorney General Levi should also call attention to the negative influence of many TV programs.

Shirley Hornberger
Glen Ellyn, Ill.

Breathless

How thrilling to read that "Quality People," according to John Fairchild, are "people who do things, not people who lead idle lives" [April 21].

I am now waiting breathlessly for Mr. Fairchild to disclose what Jackie O. does that makes her one of the "Quality People" to the extent of rating six covers in *W*.

Lucretia Austin
Cincinnati

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NORTH VIETNAMESE TANKS ON GROUNDS OF SAIGON PRESIDENTIAL PALACE, WITH VIET CONG FLAG IN BACKGROUND

TIME May 12, 1975 Vol. 105, No. 19

TIME

INDOCHINA

THE WAR/COVER STORIES

The Last Grim Goodbye

The last images of the war: U.S. Marines with rifle butts pounding the fingers of Vietnamese who tried to claw their way into the embassy compound to escape from their homeland. An apocalyptic carnival air—some looters wildly driving abandoned embassy cars around the city until they ran out of gas; others ransacking Saigon's Newport PX, that transplanted dream of American suburbia, with one woman bearing off two cases of maraschino cherries on her head and another a case of Wrigley's Spearmint gum. Out in the South China Sea, millions of dollars worth of helicopters profligately tossed overboard from U.S. rescue ships, discarded like pop-top beer cans to make room for later-arriving choppers.

In the end, the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese poured into Saigon, raised the flag of the Provisional Revolutionary Government and took into custody South Vietnamese President Duong Van Minh and Premier Vu Van Mao. For many Americans, it was like a death that had long been expected, but was shocking when it finally happened.

So the century's longest war was

over, in an efficient but ignominious evacuation. It was nightmarish enough, but it could have been worse: only a few South Vietnamese soldiers fired at the departing Americans, and none were on target. At least the U.S. was spared the last awful spectacle of its people fighting a pitched battle with its late friends and allies. In fact, the Americans managed to bring about 120,000 South Vietnamese refugees out with them.

Perhaps appropriately, the American goodbye to Viet Nam was the one operation in all the years of the war that was utterly without illusion.

So much so that Americans were recoiling from any reminder of the war—even at the risk of betraying some of their best ideals. In California, Arkansas, Florida and other sites where South Vietnamese refugees might be settling, many citizens were angrily telling them to stay away; there were not enough jobs even for Americans. It was not an edifying performance in a nation settled by immigrants and refugees.

There was something surreal in the swiftness of the last catastrophe—a drama made doubly bitter by the fact

that most Americans had made their emotional peace with Viet Nam more than two years ago. The P.O.W.s had come home, the last American soldiers had withdrawn. The nation turned, not very happily, to other preoccupations—to Watergate and then to coping with recession and inflation. But since Viet Nam had deceived Americans so many times before, it was perhaps fitting that it should be the only war they would have to lose twice.

Having come to terms two years ago with Viet Nam, most Americans wanted to put it behind them again. Gerald Ford said earnestly: "This action closes a chapter in the American experience. I ask all Americans to close ranks, to avoid recrimination about the past, to look ahead to the many goals we share and to work together on the great tasks that remain to be accomplished."

For a variety of reasons, there was a subdued sense of shame—for some because the nation, as they saw it, had become involved in such a disastrous futility in the first place; for others because the U.S., as they believed, had betrayed an ally and nullified the years of its own

sacrifice. As he was about to go for coffee with some bankers and businessmen in Warren, Ark., Newspaper Editor Bob Newton remarked: "Viet Nam will never come up in the conversation. Everybody is embarrassed. It is almost unreal that this could have happened to us."

Fittingly but emphatically, the old polarities of the '60s could still reassert themselves. At Berkeley, the cradle of student radicalism, some 1,000 demonstrators marched with Viet Cong flags to cheer the Communist victory. Activist Tom Hayden called the fall of Saigon "the rise of Indochina."

Some conservatives formulated a stab-in-the-back theory. Lecturing at

wasted 9,000 miles away—more than 56,000 Americans dead and 303,000 wounded, upwards of 1 million dead Vietnamese, \$141 billion spent, 7 million tons of bombs dropped—and all for a war that came, more or less, to nothing. The cost had also been exorbitant in hatred and alienation at home.

The macabre carnival of the '60s has long since subsided, although it worked profound changes in America. It remains a question, though, what lessons were carried away from Viet Nam on those last helicopters (see Opinion, page 20). And how Americans finally feel about the aftermath will partly depend on how the victors act in Indochina.

Meeting with some Republican congressional leaders last week, President Ford had some disquieting news from mystery-shrouded Cambodia, which the Khmer Rouge have all but hermetically sealed. The victorious Khmer Rouge forces, he said, had executed 80 high-ranking officers of the defeated Cambodian army. Then Ford added: "They killed the wives too. They said the wives were just the same as their husbands. This is a horrible thing to report to you, but we are certain that our sources are accurate." Said one of the Senators who attended the meeting: "There was a gasp around the table." Other reports from Cambodia under its new Khmer Rouge regime—which already claimed a seat in the United Nations—were disturbing. Refugees reported executions of 100 wealthy or religious figures—and the numbers might rise. Four monks were said to have been shot to death on the steps of a pagoda when they refused to leave.

The new rulers announced that they would "firmly adhere to a policy of independence, peace, neutrality and non-alignment." Some observers thought that the statement was not directed so much at the U.S. as at Hanoi, which used Cambodia as a staging and resupply area for the war in South Viet Nam for more than a decade. But that would be cold comfort for the U.S. if a much-feared "bloodbath" were to happen.

In an important sense, the U.S. is now freed to make a new start, and to act with renewed vigor and judgment elsewhere in the world. But "putting Viet Nam behind us" may not be so easy, after all. Ending America's mental and emotional involvement may prove as hard as ending its physical involvement. The U.S. may have to live for some time with old—and new—nightmares.

SOUTH VIETNAMESE PRESIDENT "BIG" MINH & PREMIER VU VAN MAO CAPTURED BY COMMUNISTS



Georgia Tech, California's ex-Governor Ronald Reagan drew cheers when he blamed "the most irresponsible Congress in our history" for the collapse in Viet Nam. A bitter editorial in the conservative Indianapolis *Star* declared "After the Americans of a braver generation destroyed the Nazis and the horrors of concentration camps became known, pictures of the atrocities were published all over Germany with the caption *Wessen Schuld?*—Who is to blame?" The same question applies today. Such rhetoric raised the question of whether Viet Nam might become a campaign issue in 1976. For Republicans to blame a Democratic Congress for "losing" Viet Nam, however, might be risky; it was a Republican Administration, after all, that presided over the Paris peace treaties and the policy since. There will always be room for the question whether the U.S. could have got out sooner and in better order.

For the moment, it seemed unlikely that the U.S. would have the stomach to reflight Viet Nam. The war had already cost too much in lives and money

EVACUEES WAITING TO BOARD HELICOPTER ATOP A SAIGON BUILDING



SOUTH VIET NAM

The End of a Thirty Years' War



The tricolored flag of the Communist Provisional Revolutionary Government fluttered over the presidential palace in Saigon. On the open-air terrace of the Continental Hotel, where Americans drank Saigon's infamous "33" beer and vodka tonics and ogled slender Vietnamese girls for more than a decade, Viet Cong troops lounged self-consciously and sipped orange juice. Soviet-built tanks and Chinese-made trucks rumbled through the streets of Saigon to cheers from the populace.

With incredible suddenness it was over, not only Viet Nam's agonizing Thirty Years' War but also a century of Western domination. The massive, 20-year American struggle to build a stable non-Communist government in South Viet Nam was finally and definitively ended, an all but total failure. When Communist soldiers in Saigon fired salvoes into the air and shouted, "Victory! Victory!" the stubborn, inextinguishable dreams of Ho Chi Minh and his heirs in Hanoi were fully realized.

It would take some time for almost everybody, even the victors, to get used to the unexpected new reality. It had taken a bare seven weeks for the Saigon government to slide precipitately to abject defeat. The collapse had begun with a Communist attack on the provincial capital of Ban Me Thuot in the Central Highlands, 160 miles north of Saigon. Then followed President Nguyen Van Thieu's disastrous strategic withdrawal, which turned into a rout. Within weeks, Communist forces had advanced virtually unopposed to the very outskirts of Saigon. Forced to resign and flee the country, Thieu was replaced by his aging, ineffectual Vice President, Tran Van Huong, who in turn gave way after just six days to the only man thought to have a chance of negotiating a cease-fire: Buddhist opposition leader Duong Van ("Big") Minh. His presidential tenure proved the briefest of all and set the stage for the final Communist triumph.

THE RESIGNATION. Huong, under pressure from U.S. Ambassador Graham Martin and Saigon leaders to resign, capitulated at about 4:30 Sunday afternoon, saying that he would transfer the presidency to the "personality" chosen by South Viet Nam's legislature—and "the sooner the better." Hours later, the National Assembly voted 134 to 2 to give the job to Big Minh.

The night before, an overwhelming force of 16 Communist divisions had tightened its vise around Saigon, moving to cut Route 15, the city's only escape to the sea. Sunday night there was heavy fighting at several points around

the capital, including a murderous artillery assault against the airbase at Bien Hoa. Poised on the outskirts of the city, the Communist troops faced virtually no resistance. Most of the top ARVN military leaders had already fled or were making plans to do so; the regular troops were leaderless, demoralized and overpowered.

THE INAUGURATION. By dawn Monday, Saigon, for the first time, was totally cut off from the rest of South Viet Nam. Communist forces had brought enough artillery to the edge of the city to level it utterly if they chose to do so. On the northern edge of Saigon, flatbed trucks piled high with crated ammunition roared away from the supply depot at Newport, their air horns shrieking. The Newport tank farm burst into flame with a series of explosions that shook the ground and sent clouds of black smoke, easily visible from the center of Saigon, billowing into the air.

Later that day, Big Minh formally took power from the feeble Huong in a ceremony at the presidential palace. "We sincerely want reconciliation," he told the unseen Provisional Revolutionary Government. "You clearly know that. Reconciliation demands that each element of the nation respect the other's right to live." Minh proposed an immediate cease-fire "as a manifestation of our good will, and to quickly end the soldiers' and people's sufferings."

As Minh spoke in the chandelied reception hall, deeply carpeted and hung with gold brocade, great rolls of thunder and flashes of lightning accompanied him. The Communists were not impressed. P.R.G. representatives promptly rejected Minh's proposal, charging that he had not met their conditions: 1) all U.S. military personnel must leave Viet Nam, and 2) the new Saigon government must have no holdovers from the old U.S.-supported regime. As Minh worked frantically to arrange a settlement, Saigon was gripped by the fear that the Communists would launch an all-out attack. "There is just one way out for us now," said an official, "by American choppers."

The fear soon turned into panic. Word spread that the U.S. had abandoned the giant commissary at Newport, setting off a frenzy of looting by some 3,000 Vietnamese. As burglar alarms brayed, looters wheeled off shopping carts filled with sugar, medicines and frozen pork chops that began immediately to thaw and drip in the blazing sun. Cops in the nearby parking lot watched with amusement, occasionally plucking a few items for themselves from passing shopping carts as a kind of exit toll. Finally a truckload of military police arrived, firing M-16 bursts into the air, and the looting stopped.

Just after 6 p.m., three A-37 jet fighter-bombers struck Tan Son Nhut air-

base, destroying several planes on the ground and causing explosions that rocked Saigon. It seemed most likely that the attackers were South Vietnamese pilots venting their frustration over the endless agony of their country. That, too, seemed to be the reason for an outbreak of small-arms fire in Saigon that soon followed. Every ARVN soldier and policeman in the city seemed senselessly to empty his gun. After 15 minutes the firing sputtered and died. But there was still the concussion of distant bombs from Bien Hoa and other bumps in the night: mortars, rockets, artillery

THE ATTACK. At about 4 a.m. Tuesday, the Communists launched a massive rocket and artillery assault on already beleaguered Tan Son Nhut airbase. Some 150 rockets and 130-mm. shells whined in, forcing an immediate halt in the ongoing evacuation of Americans and Vietnamese. From the sanctuary of the Continental Palace Hotel, Western correspondents and cameramen listened to an account of the attack on the UHF frequency used by the U.S. mission. "The ICCS [International Commission for Control and Supervision] compound is burning . . . The back end of the gymnasium's been hit . . . My God, control, we've got two Marine K.I.A.s [killed in action]." The response was terse: "Do you know where the bodies are?" Doctors were called for; firefighting equipment was requested and then told to stay away because of the shelling. A large secondary explosion was reported across the runway. "The ammo storage area's been hit," said a voice shaking with emotion. Worse yet, Communist troops were pushing into some of the city's suburbs.

The coordinated attacks turned out to be the last of the war. It was 4 p.m. Monday in Washington when the shelling of Tan Son Nhut began, twelve hours behind Saigon time. Within hours, a series of meetings between President Ford and his top advisers led to the decision to evacuate all remaining Americans. By midafternoon in Saigon, dozens of American helicopters had begun arriving. By 7:52 the following morning, the last chopper had lifted off the roof of the American embassy (see following story). Except for a handful of newsmen and missionaries, the American presence in Viet Nam had come to an end.

THE SURRENDER. At 10:24 a.m. Wednesday, President Minh announced in a brief radio address that he was offering an unconditional surrender to the P.R.G. "I believe in reconciliation among Vietnamese to avoid unnecessary shedding of blood," he said. "For this reason I ask the soldiers of the Republic of Viet Nam to cease hostilities in calm and to stay where they are." Afterward Minh told a French journalist, "Yes, it [the surrender] had to be done. Human lives had to be saved."

Before noon five Communist tanks, a dozen armored personnel carriers and



HELICOPTER BEING DITCHED INTO SEA FROM U.S. BLUE RIDGE
Dripping pork chops and an unexpected new reality.

truckloads of green-uniformed troops who wore helmets inscribed TIEN VI SAIGON—Onward to Saigon—swept down Unity Boulevard to the presidential palace. The gates had been left ajar, but one tank, followed by several others, smashed through the fence nonetheless, then fired triumphal salvos. One detachment of troops drove off in a Jeep with Minh to an undisclosed location; later he was brought back to repeat his surrender announcement before being whisked away again.

At 12:15 p.m., the P.R.G. flag was raised over the presidential palace. Viet Cong forces took over the Saigon radio station and announced: "Saigon has been totally liberated. We accept the unconditional surrender of General Duong Van Minh, President of the former government." In Paris, Communist representatives announced that Saigon would be popularly known as Ho Chi Minh city, though the city's official name would stay the same.

Within an hour sentries were placed at every intersection. Other soldiers equipped with megaphones cruised the streets shouting, "The forces of the National Liberation Front have taken control of Saigon! Have no fears. You will be well treated." On the quays of the Saigon River, people were trying frantically to get onto small boats, but there was no place to go. A South Vietnamese police colonel walked up to a military statue in front of the National Assembly building, saluted and shot himself in the head; he died later in a hospital.

According to a French diplomat, roughly one-third of the people of Saigon greeted the Communist forces with genuine enthusiasm, one-third with indifference and one-third with deep apprehension. Many Saigonese went into

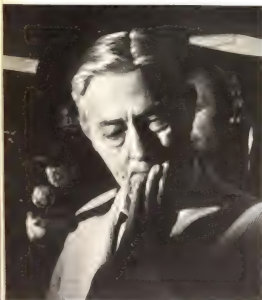
the streets to welcome the Communist forces with smiles and handshakes. Some South Vietnamese soldiers, seemingly unworried, rode their motorcycles alongside trucks loaded with armed Communist soldiers; others attempted to trade their uniforms for civilian clothes; some simply shed their uniforms in the street and continued on their way wearing only undershorts.

Some Communist troops meanwhile garlanded their rifles with flowers; others offered children rides on their tanks. Radio Hanoi said that Viet Cong troops had been ordered "not to lay hands even on a needle or thread of the people." Although all press contact with the outside world was cut off early in the evening, reports from the Japanese and French embassies, which had not evacuated the country, indicated that foreigners were being treated well.

THE CELEBRATION. Thursday, the first morning of "liberation," was also May Day, and huge parades involving thousands of Communist soldiers and Saigonese citizens were held on flag-festooned streets. In the park in front of the presidential palace, huge numbers of Soviet PT-76 and T-54 tanks, armored cars, artillery pieces and rocket launchers were arrayed. Bus service and garbage collection were quickly restored, and civil servants were reporting for work at government ministries. Political cadres in mufti, wearing red armbands and pistols and often sporting long hair, were taking the lead in administering the city. They seemed to be people who had been living in Saigon for some time, probably acting as secret agents for the Communist side.

The P.R.G. wasted no time in issuing decrees that promised some basic

INDOCHINA



MARTIN ABOARD U.S.S. BLUE RIDGE
Into Ali Baba's cave.

changes in Saigon's way of life—especially the stamping out of 15 years of American influence. "Anyone acting like Americans or participating in such American-style activities as opening nightclubs, brothels and other places of entertainment will be punished." Other decrees, broadcast by the government radio station, promised harsh penalties for spying, carrying arms for the purpose of rioting, creating dissunity or disobeying orders. "From now on," said the decree, in an abrupt but obvious departure from the days of approved guerrilla sabotage, "everybody is forbidden to burn down public buildings, kill, rob, rape, loot or create any incident that endangers the life and property of the public and of the revolutionary government." All private newspapers and magazines were "temporarily" suspended for the sake of protecting "public peace." On the streets there was already one conspicuous change. Most women, mindful of the Communists' reputed distaste for Western ways, were dressed in subdued, traditional *áo-dài*s rather than the colorful miniskirts and heavy make-up of just a few days before.

Though as many as eight provinces in the Mekong Delta (of a total of 44 provinces in South Viet Nam) had still not surrendered and there was scattered resistance in Cholon, the predominantly Chinese quarter of Saigon, the P.R.G. announced that its conquest was now complete.

THE OUTLOOK. Clearly the new Communist rulers of South Viet Nam were making a bid for public support in the country and a good image abroad. Though still not allowed to cable their reports, Western correspondents in Saigon could move freely about the city. In

Danang, one Associated Press reporter and a television camera team were allowed to visit a "re-education camp" for some 900 captured ARVN officers. All told, some 6,000 officers were in Communist hands, but the P.R.G. announced that over 103,000 captured enlisted men and noncommissioned officers had been released and returned to their homes.

All week the stress in public pronouncements was on moderation. Interviewed in Danang, P.R.G. Foreign Minister Mme. Nguyen Thi Binh spoke of building a "peaceful, independent, neutral South Viet Nam"; she even spoke of the possibility that Big Minh "might still have some role to play in the future of Viet Nam."

The new government faced enormous, immediate, practical tasks: feeding the population, restoring basic government services, disarming and returning to their homes hundreds of thousands of soldiers and policemen who had served the now defunct old regime, finding jobs for thousands of people who have for years lived primarily on money coming in from the U.S. Moreover the Communists, like numerous Saigon governments before them, will face at least some antagonism from a welter of independent political and religious groupings: the Buddhists, the Catholics, the anti-Communist politicians. "The Cao Dai and Hoa Hao in particular are quite hostile to the Communists," observes Harvard Asian Scholar Alexander Woodside. "The Hoa Hao view Marxism as a Western creed, and they view themselves as standing for the residual culture of old Viet Nam. There has been a virtual blood feud between them and the Communists."

In the view of most experts, the Communists will move cautiously if unwaveringly toward their principal goals in Viet Nam. Politically, they will probably try to incorporate as many of the neutralist and religious groups as possible into a new revolutionary government—but one that will, no doubt, be dominated by its Communist representatives.

Even the Communists' ultimate goal, reunification with the North, will probably await a fairly long transition period, about three to five years. Mme. Binh herself last week emphasized that North-South differences "in the economic and political field" will require "a certain period of time to realize reunification." Highly capitalistic and individualistic, the South will no doubt have to undergo some profound changes before it can be successfully assimilated into the socialist, collectivist society of the North. "The North fears the seductive life of the South, compared with the disciplined, austere, spartan life in the North," says

one State Department Viet Nam specialist. "They do not want their people contaminated."

This was strikingly evident in Danang, held by the Communists for five weeks. French Reporter Roland-Pierre Paringaux cabled to TIME after visiting the city last week: "The foreign observer immediately notices the amazement of the young revolutionary soldiers who look like hillbillies in front of an Ali Baba cave that still spews diverse riches and gadgets from an essentially American and Japanese consumer society. Drab, in uniform without decorations or grade, shod in rubber-thonged sandals, they are visibly astonished by these elegant, made-up young women by these people their age astride Hondas. Also incredulous are the people of Hanoi, who for 20 years have lived in austerity, when they see in their newspapers pictures of the store windows of Danang. The two parts of Viet Nam are like Sparta and Byzantium; they are like the two ingredients of a sweet and sour sauce, difficult to mix so that it will remain tasty for all."

Achieving the mix will require considerable sacrifice, pain and, very likely, a strong dose of coercion. Still, along with the fear that drove thousands into flight or attempted flight, much of South Viet Nam could only feel relief that the war was over. For the first time since French boats steamed into Danang in 1858, the nationalistic and proud Vietnamese, North and South, creators of splendid past civilizations, were rid of any foreign presence. For the first time since the Japanese conquest of 34 years ago, there was peace.

To some South Vietnamese, of course, the Northerners would remain foreigners for a long time; and to some Communist rule in their land would bring only an uneasy peace.

LOOTER AT U.S. PX



THE EXODUS

Last Chopper Out of Saigon

"Gentlemen, start your engines." The laconic command, copied from the Indianapolis 500 auto race, echoed from the public-address system of the U.S.S. *Hancock*. Moments later, the commander of Heavy Helicopter Squadron 463, Lieut. Colonel Herbert Fix, lifted his CH-53 Sea Stallion off the deck of the aging carrier. When the other seven choppers in his squadron had left the deck, they fluttered off in a tight formation through blustery winds and dark, ominous rain clouds that hovered over the South China Sea. Operation "Frequent Wind," the emergency evacuation of the last Americans in Saigon, was under way.

The rescue operation had been delayed as long as possible—too long, in the view of many Pentagon officials. In recent weeks 44 U.S. naval vessels, 6,000 Marines, 120 Air Force combat and tanker planes and 150 Navy planes had been moved into the area. But Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and the U.S. ambassador in Saigon, Graham Martin, argued that the final withdrawal of the American community would probably set off a wave of panic in Saigon and hasten the fall of the South Vietnamese government.

During the preceding eight days, U.S. planes had evacuated almost 40,000 American and South Vietnamese refugees from Tan Son Nhut airbase near Saigon. But by last week, the airlift was growing increasingly dangerous. Artillery shells and rockets closed Tan Son Nhut airport Monday morning. Next day a U.S. C-130 transport was hit by a rocket on the runway and burst into flames as the crew escaped. A short time later, two U.S. Marine corporals guarding the U.S. defense attaché's compound at Tan Son Nhut were killed by Communist artillery.

News of the destruction of the C-130 and the Marines' deaths reached President Ford during a meeting with his energy and economic advisers. He scribbled a note to the deputy director of the National Security Council, Lieut. General Brent Scowcroft: "We'd better have an N.S.C. meeting at 7."

Plainly, evacuation by commercial flights, by military airplanes or by sea was no longer feasible. The security advisers discussed whether conditions might permit a resumption of the military airlift. If not, they would have to go to a fourth option, the riskiest of all evacuation in Marine helicopters. Scarcely two hours after the meeting ended with no decision, Ford learned that two C-130s attempting to land at Tan Son Nhut had been waved off; the airport was blocked by thousands of panicky South Vietnamese. By then all

of Ford's advisers, including Martin, agreed that it had to be "Option Four." At 10:45 p.m., the President ordered Operation Frequent Wind to begin.

Kissinger telephoned Ford to report that a fleet of 81 helicopters was about to embark on its mission, then, at 1:08 a.m. Tuesday, he called again with the news that the evacuation had begun. In Saigon, the center of activity for much of the day was the landing zone at Tan Son Nhut airport, a tennis court near the defense attaché's compound. Landing two at a time, the helicopters un-

pers had to rely on flares fired by Marines within the embassy compound to find landing zones; others homed in on flashlights.

Through Tuesday night, the Vietnamese crowd grew uglier; hundreds tried to scale the ten-foot wall, despite the barbed wire strung atop it. Marines had to use tear gas and rifle butts to hold back the surging mob. Some screamed, some pleaded to be taken along. Floor by floor, the Marines withdrew toward the roof of the embassy with looters right behind them. Abandoned offices were transformed into junkyards of smashed typewriters and ransacked file cabinets. Even the bronze plaque with the names of the five American servicemen who died in the embassy during the 1968 Tet offensive was



REFUGEES WAITING TO BE PICKED UP AFTER 24 HOURS AT SEA
Operation "Frequent Wind" and a meeting at 7.

loaded their squads of Marines—860 in all, who reinforced 125 Marines already on the scene—and quickly picked up evacuees (see box following page).

As the operation continued, many helicopters came under fire. Most evacuees sat in cold panic as their choppers took off. "For the next three minutes as we gained altitude," reported TIME Correspondent William Stewart, "we held our breaths. We knew the Communists had been using heat-seeking missiles, and we were prepared to be shot out of the sky. As I turned around to see who was aboard, Buu Vien, the South Vietnamese Interior Minister, smiled and gave a thumbs-up signal. Forty minutes later we were aboard the U.S.S. *Denver*, a landing-platform dock, and safe."

By nightfall, the mission had been completed at Tan Son Nhut, but the evacuation of the embassy was still to be accomplished. Sheets of rain were pelting the city, and visibility had dropped to barely a mile. Some chop-

per from the lobby wall. Marines hurled tear-gas grenades into the elevator shaft; at times the air was so thick with tear gas that the helicopter pilots on the roof were affected.

By that time, tempers were frayed in Washington as well as Saigon. Martin had drawn up a list of 500 Vietnamese to be evacuated; he refused to leave until all were safely gone. His delay prompted one Administration official to quip, "Martin got all 600 of his 500 Vietnamese out." Finally, at 5 p.m. Washington time—it was then 5 a.m. in Saigon—Kissinger told the President that Martin was closing down the embassy and destroying its communications equipment. Minutes later, a helicopter broadcast the message: "Lady Ace Zero Nine, Code Two is aboard." Lady Ace 09 was the chopper's own call signal; Code Two designates an ambassador.

As many as 130 South Vietnamese planes and helicopters, including F-5 fighter-bombers, transports and attack



EVACUEES FROM CAMBODIA REACH THAILAND
Junk yards of smashed typewriters.

planes, were reported meanwhile to have reached the U.S.-run Utaapao airbase in Thailand with about 2,000 soldiers and civilians; already some 1,000 Cambodian refugees were crowded into tents there. Alarmed, the Thai government announced that the refugees had to leave within 30 days and that it would return the planes to "the next government in South Viet Nam." Defense Sec-

retary James Schlesinger firmly advised Bangkok that it should do no such thing; under aid agreements, the equipment cannot be transferred to a new government but must revert to U.S. possession.

By the end of the week, another seven or so South Vietnamese helicopters had landed or tried to land on the U.S. naval vessels. One South Vietnamese pilot set his chopper down on top of another whose blades were still whirling. Others ditched their craft and had to be fished out of the water. An American search-and-rescue helicopter from the U.S.S. *Hancock* crashed at sea, and two of its four crew members were listed as missing, possibly the last American fatalities of the war.

"The last days of the evacuation were very hairy indeed," Ford confessed afterward. "We were never sure whether we were going to have trouble with the mobs." As Ford noted, the whole operation had gone better "than we had any right to expect." According to the Defense Department, 1,373 Americans and 5,680 South Vietnamese—many more than the U.S. had originally intended—had been removed. Another 32,000 desperate Vietnamese had managed to make their way by sampan, raft and rowboat to the U.S. ships offshore, bringing to about 70,000 the number evacuated through the week.

Almost three hours after the ambas-

sador's departure the last U.S. Marine was withdrawn from the Saigon embassy. A few American journalists, missionaries and others remained behind, as did six Americans in South Vietnamese jails. But the U.S. presence in Viet Nam can be said to have ended last Wednesday morning at 7:52 local time when a helicopter pilot radioed the final official message from Saigon: "Swift 22 is airborne with eleven passengers. Ground-security force is aboard."

At week's end another group of nearly 600 refugees reached Thailand after an arduous, 3½-day truck journey from Phnom-Penh. Mostly French, the evacuees had sought haven in the French embassy when Cambodia's capital fell to the Khmer Rouge and had been virtual prisoners ever since. To the annoyance of France, one of the first non-Communist countries to recognize the Khmer Rouge, the embassy had been turned into a virtual prison. Food, medicine and communications had been cut off. After protests from Paris, the regime finally allowed the 600 out. Sidney Schanberg, a correspondent of the *New York Times*, was one of several journalists in the group, most of whom seemed in good health. All the journalists have agreed not to write their stories until those remaining in the embassy, about 250 in all, have also reached safety.

'This Is It! Everybody Out!'

Among the approximately 1,400 Americans and 5,600 South Vietnamese who were evacuated from Saigon just before the last escape routes from the city were cut off last week was TIME Correspondent Roy Rowan. From the U.S.S. Mobile in the South China Sea, he sent this report:

The emergency plan had called for the evacuation of the remaining Americans in three stages—on Tuesday morning, afternoon and evening. But by 10:30 a.m. Tuesday, with Tan Son Nhut airbase under pounding by rockets, mortars and 130-mm. artillery, word came from the American embassy: "This is it! Everybody out!"

Correspondents and cameramen in the Continental Palace Hotel swarmed down the stairs, through the lobby and out across Lam Son Square in single file, a ragtag army lugging typewriters, shoulder bags, TV cameras and sound gear. Our designated assembly point was down near the Saigon River four blocks away. Armed policemen in the square eyed us menacingly. There was no question: this formation clearly signaled the final departure of Americans from the Indochina war.

The day before, Lam Son Square had

echoed with the sound of carbines, M-16s and rooftop machine guns. Now the square was quiet, the pavement under our feet baked to cooking temperature by the morning sun. I glanced at my watch: it was 10:42. People peered through iron gates that had been pulled shut because of the 24-hour curfew. Their eyes were easy to read. "You're leaving us," they said.

Our assembly point faced the statue of Viet Nam's 6th century naval hero, Trang Hung Dao. A landing zone had been prepared atop the building. But the South Vietnamese navy had placed 50-cal. machine guns on top of the building next door, posing a threat to the departing Americans. Picking up our gear, we trooped on to another assembly point.

Nobody knew what the plan was. Would the "helos" pick us up from a pad on the roof? Or would buses take us to Tan Son Nhut, which had been under Communist attack for twelve hours? At 35 Gia Long we discovered that the building door had been padlocked. There were no instructions, only a faded sign: UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND, SAIGON EDUCATION CENTER. A few French civilians joined our group.

Mme. Madeleine Morton, owner of the best restaurant in Saigon, the Guillaume Tell, greeted her customers. "I am trying to go to Bridgeport, Con-nect-ticut," she announced. At 12:20 two black buses finally arrived and were quickly filled.

Rumbling along in low gear, the buses began a circuitous tour of Saigon. Were they searching out more Americans? We didn't know. "Graham Martin sightseeing excursions," cracked one correspondent. Every few blocks the buses stopped, perhaps unsure if the road ahead was clear. An ARVN soldier rushed up to our bus and banged against the door. "Take me out!" he yelled. The Marine guard on our bus slapped him hard across the back. "Godam, we took out 25,000 Vietnamese."

Over a VHF radio we tuned in to the mission wardens' control center (code-named "Dodge City") and learned that the U.S. embassy was in trouble. "Marines to the gate as soon as possible," the operator called. Minutes later "There are 2,000 people in front of the gate. It's getting hostile." Still later: "The gates are open. We've lost control of the crowd."

The buses began to move again and headed toward Tan Son Nhut—right into the rocket belt. Guards at the gate were firing at the buses. Pillars of black smoke rose from the airbase ahead. Over the radio we heard our own Marine es-

The Privileged Exiles

While a number of Saigon's deposed leaders are likely to seek refuge in the U.S., the most prominent of them has vowed that he will go elsewhere. Ex-President Nguyen Van Thieu was on Taiwan last week along with his wife, daughter and 89-year-old mother (and ten tons of baggage). The first family of the refugees was staying at the home of Nguyen Van Kieu, Saigon's Ambassador to Taiwan, in suburban Tienmu. The sprawling gray stone building was concealed behind a high wall. Before it stood casually dressed Chinese security officers who could have passed for college students but for the antennas sticking out of the newspaper-wrapped walkie-talkies that they carried.

Though Secretary of State Henry Kissinger said last week that if Thieu wished asylum in the U.S. "he would of course be received," associates of the former President quoted Thieu as saying he was "very angry" with the American Government because it "did not honor its commitment to South Vietnam." The South Vietnamese embassy in London confirmed that Thieu's twelve-year-old son is in school in England, adding to speculation that the rest of the family might move there. Another

possibility is Switzerland, where Thieu is rumored to own a villa. There were reports that the ex-President had shipped 3½ tons of gold (2½ by sea, one by air) to Europe. The stories could not be confirmed.

Former South Vietnamese Premier and Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky apparently has no qualms about settling in the U.S. Having told a Saigon rally only one day earlier that those who left the country were "cowards," Air Vice Marshal Ky commanded a helicopter the day before the surrender and personally piloted it onto the deck of the U.S.S. *Blue Ridge*.

Ky's wife had already passed through Guam and Honolulu en route to San Francisco with a party of some 13 women and children; Mrs. Ky was staying with relatives in the Bay Area last week. Should Ky and any of his high-ranking colleagues similarly land on American shores, they would not be confounded by red tape. The Attorney General has used his "parole power" to

ensure entry into the country of all Vietnamese who run a "high risk" of retaliation at the hands of the Communists. A similar provision has already enabled Cambodia's former President Lon Nol to settle in a comfortable suburb of Honolulu, where last week he was going through the process of obtaining a driver's license and a U.S. Social Security number.



THIEU & WIFE AT CHIANG'S MAUSOLEUM IN TAIWAN
Ten tons of baggage and 3½ tons of gold.

cort ("Wagon Master") ask Dodge City. "What's the situation at the gate?" "Bust it if necessary," came the reply.

We did not have to. Inside the air-base, a damaged American helicopter, one skid broken off, lay on the ground, its rotor still spinning. A tremendous explosion rocked our bus as a North Vietnamese 130-mm. shell hit the Air America terminal just across the road. "Don't panic!" shouted our Marine escort.

Crouching and running, the passengers raced into the Defense Attaché's Office, a reassuring structure with thick cement walls. From time to time we could feel the building shudder from incoming rockets. About 500 evacuees were already waiting in line. One Marine passed out green tags ("For you, not your baggage," he explained). Another, stripped to the waist, walked down the line with a bucket of ice water, reviving the dehydrated evacuees. "You might as well sit down and be comfortable," an officer told us. "We've got 500 people ahead of you, and the second show doesn't start for two hours." The walls quivered from a barrage of shells outside the building. "Sounds like the second show has started out there already," a correspondent remarked.

One woman, caught between a bus and the building when a shell burst, was carried inside unconscious, but only from fright. A European walked down the line asking everybody to sign a 500-

piaster note he wanted to keep as a souvenir. Sister Fidema of the Good Shepherd Convent in Saigon knelt over her suitcase and prayed. "I've been here four years," she said later. "These have been good years until this week. But this has been the saddest ever." The day before, 90 children from the convent had been taken out to Tan Son Nhut but had been unable to get on a plane before the rocket attack began. "Oh God, I hope they got home," said Sister Fidema.

For the first time all day we began to get information. "The helos," we were told, "are on the way." Word was passed down the line: one suitcase and one handbag per evacuee. Just as our group of 50 prepared to leave, that rule was changed to make way for more passengers: the Marine at the door shouted, "No baggage!" Suitcases and bags were ripped open as evacuees fished for their passports, papers and other valuables. I said goodbye to my faithful Olivetti, grabbed my tape recorder and camera and got ready to run like hell. The door opened. Outside I could see helmeted, flat-jacketed Marines—lots of them—crouched against the building, their M-16s, M-79 grenade launchers and mortars all at the ready.

We could view the whole perimeter. There was a road leading to a parking lot, and on the left was a tennis court that had been turned into a landing zone.

Two Sikorsky CH-53 Sea Stallions were sitting in the parking lot. I raced for it. Marines, lying prone, lined the area, but they were hard to see because their camouflaged uniforms blended with the tropical greenery. I almost stepped on a rifle barrel poking out from under a bush as I entered the lot.

The Sea Stallion was still 200 ft. away, its loading ramp down and its rotors slashing impatiently. Fifty people, some lugging heavy equipment despite the order to abandon all baggage, piled in, one atop another; correspondents, photographers and Vietnamese men, women and children. The loadmaster raised the ramp, the two waist gunners gripped the handles of their M-16s, and with about a dozen passengers still standing like subway straphangers, the helicopter lifted off. As the tail dipped, I could see towers of smoke rising from all over Tan Son Nhut.

Beside us was a second Sea Stallion tilting and swaying in unison, the two machines gained altitude. Saigon lay below, brown and smoky in the afternoon light, its serpentine river cutting a wide and winding swath through the city. I glanced at my watch: 3:52, five hours and ten minutes since our evacuation had commenced at the Continental Palace Hotel. I tried to pick out the hotel from the air, but we were already too high, slipping southeast over veined paddies toward the sea.



VAST TENT CITY SET UP ON ISLAND OF GUAM TO HOUSE UP TO 40,000 SOUTH VIETNAMESE REFUGEES

Now On to 'Camp Fourtuitous'

The Marines had the dangerous job of evacuating the last Americans and South Vietnamese from Saigon by helicopter. Now a necessary but dreary job confronts the armed forces and swarms of bureaucrats: housing, processing and relocating an estimated 120,000 South Vietnamese refugees.

Tens of thousands of evacuees had already reached the three principal U.S. "staging areas" in the Pacific: Guam, Wake Island and Clark Air Force Base in the Philippines. Others were scattered on Saipan, 250 miles from Guam, where 56 refugees landed after commandeering a South Vietnamese C-130; at the U.S. naval base at Subic Bay, 110 miles from Clark, where about 6,000 were staying; and at Thailand's Utapao Airbase, where almost 3,000 Vietnamese sought refuge. Soon they would be moving on to three military bases on the U.S. mainland—Camp Pendleton, Calif., Fort Chaffee, Ark., and Eglin Air Force Base, Fla.—where they will remain until the U.S. Government has figured out what to do with them (see *THE NATION*).

Under pressure from the Philippine government, the U.S. had reduced the number of refugees it was sending to Clark and designated Guam as the premier staging area in the Pacific. Worse still, Philippine officials threatened that they would arrest South Vietnamese military and government officials who were expected to arrive there at week's end aboard U.S. naval vessels: whether the Filipinos would choose to enter a U.S. base to do so remained uncertain. At the same time, U.S. authorities were coping with disgruntled American evac-

uees who did not fancy their lodgings and were impatient to be on their way. At Guam, a band of Americans staged an hour long sit-in on a bus until they were given better quarters.

The operation was a logistical nightmare, particularly on Guam. In one night, Navy personnel transformed a tangle of spiky tangantangan trees and underbrush into what one poor speller christened "Camp Fourtuitous," the beginnings of a temporary settlement which may house up to 40,000 evacuees. When the first group arrived at 6 a.m., tents were in place and four-holer lavatories were set up. In succeeding nights, Seabees installed lights, field kitchens, showers and running water.

Fortunately," reported *TIME* Correspondent David Aikman, "the operation is almost entirely good-natured. The bearded sailors have won the admiration of everyone for their endurance. They worked the first 24 hours without a break, then went into regular 12-hour shifts. Jostling with the kids and youths, flirting with the pretty Vietnamese girls, they and the Seabees seemed to think it was all a worthwhile lark—which turned out to be just the right attitude to make the Vietnamese feel at home." One sailor decided at midweek to marry the Vietnamese girl whose clothes he had helped wash on the previous Sunday, but whose full name he did not yet know.

Among the first Vietnamese evacuees on Guam were old men and women, rambling, extended families and former U.S. Government employees. Last week

a new and jaunty type appeared for the first time: flight-suited Vietnamese air force officers who had fled with their planes, their wives, children and cousins. Colonel The Ban Huu squeezed two passengers into the second seat of his A-37 fighter and headed for Thailand. Colonel Dang Duy Lac, a transport pilot, somehow piled 200 passengers into his C-130 for the flight to Utao. Lieut. Tring Thiet Thach, 24, who escaped from Danang two months ago by swimming to a Vietnamese navy ship, took off from Tan Son Nhut in the midst of Communist rocket attacks.

The folklore of the evacuation had it that a conspicuous number of bar girls had also succeeded in escaping from Saigon, and last week there was a rumor that a group of prostitutes had managed to set up an informal teahouse in the evacuation camp on Guam. The reports may or may not prove out, but they tended to obscure the fact that the majority of refugees represented the middle class or the privileged elite of South Vietnamese society, the ones with foreign educations and foreign employers. A few were even rich. A volunteer worker at Camp Fourtuitous told Correspondent Aikman of seeing several Vietnamese with suitcases crammed with jewelry and money. According to gossip, one suitcase contained \$1 million in cash. "Out of envy or boredom," wrote Aikman, "many Vietnamese in the camp chose to believe this."

At first the big bottleneck in the process had been immigration. But last week the 80 immigration officers and clerks flown to Guam were working 12- to 16-hour shifts, processing 3,000 Vietnamese a day. By week's end 17,000 refugees had been cleared and were flown to the U.S. mainland.

AN OPEN LETTER TO CESAR CHAVEZ FROM ERNEST AND JULIO GALLO

Dear Mr. Chavez:

You know that Gallo has a legally binding contract with the Teamsters Union; the union chosen by the Gallo farm workers to represent them.

You know that Gallo cannot unilaterally break that contract any more than Gallo can break its contracts with the three AFL-CIO unions representing other Gallo workers.

You know that, if Gallo yielded to your request, Gallo would violate its contract with the Teamsters and become subject to Teamster strikes, lawsuits and other harassment, including boycotts.

You know that Gallo is now and always has been perfectly agreeable to an election if you and the Teamsters would agree to such an election, and if the results were legally binding and enforceable on all parties.

You know that the answer to this problem is in legislation – not marches, boycotts, and demonstrations.

You know that Gallo has long supported legislation, state or federal, to give farm workers and their employers the same rights, benefits and protection given most other American laborers and their employers under the National Labor Relations Act.

You know that, so far, the only reason we do not have a California labor law like the National Labor Relations Act is because you oppose such a law.

You know that California farm workers need and deserve such legislation, under which most other American labor has grown strong and prosperous.

Isn't it time, Mr. Chavez, that you change your position, and join the rest of organized labor and Gallo in seeking legislation to bring farm labor under the protection of the National Labor Relations Act, or an equivalent state law?



SAIGON

Memories of a Fallen City

For more than a century Saigon has played coy mistress to a series of foreign masters. Seemingly pliant, she has been occupied by Chinese conquerors, French colonialists, Japanese invaders and American troops. When the French arrived in 1862, Saigon was an unprepossessing village of palm trees and straw shacks. Then homesick planners dreaming of Paris remade her to suit their own visions. Narrow, winding streets were rearranged into the neat geometry of spacious public squares and broad boulevards. A twin-spired cathedral, an opera house, a palace were built to grace the squares. But if Saigon was kept in style by many, she was ultimately possessed by none. Now her latest masters seem intent on making an hon-

est woman of Saigon. They have banned prostitution, dance halls and "acting like Americans." They have also given her a new name: Ho Chi Minh city.

With mixed feelings, a group of current and former TIME correspondents whose collective experience of Saigon spans the length of Indochina's Thirty Years' War pay their tribute:

1945: A Euphoric Few Weeks

I first reached Saigon with a small OSS detachment in August 1945. For a few weeks, the city lived in the euphoria of liberation from the Japanese. Saigon's Cercle Sportif bubbled with the *dansant* in the hot evenings. Ladies fashioned new gowns from their liberators' parachutes. The Vietnamese seemed happy, justly proud that they had fought the Japanese while their French overlords capitulated. The exhilaration faded when French troops began reoccupying their old garrisons in September and a French high commissioner arrived proclaiming that he had "not come out from France to turn Indochina over to the Indochinese."

In December 1945, I spent several weeks in Hanoi with instructions to make contact with Ho Chi Minh, then head of a provisional government in North Indochina. The last time we talked was after the French had landed a major force in Haiphong. We sipped Scotch (his) and smoked cigarettes (mine) long into the night. He was certain, he said, that there would be a long war and that he would fight "whomever and wherever" for as long as it took. Within months, Ho had left for the jungle, and the long war had begun.

—Frank White, former TIME correspondent

IMMOLATION OF BUDDHIST MONK (1963)



AMBASSADOR BUNKER SURVEYS AMERICAN EMBASSY GROUNDS AFTER TET OFFENSIVE (1968)



1956-59: Weekends with Diem

From late 1956 to mid-1959, Saigon was still a haunting, lethargic beauty exuding an undertone of wicked excitement. The French, lately humiliated by Vo Nguyen Giap at Dien Bien Phu, skulked about, bitter and distrustful of the new top-dog foreigners from the U.S. You heard stories about district chiefs being garroted by the Communists, but the violence seemed isolated and distant. More immediate was the prospect of an interview with President Ngo Dinh Diem, which meant that you had to visit the bathroom beforehand because he sometimes kept you six straight hours. The thing was to be Diem's weekend guest at Cap St. Jacques, where his sister-in-law, the lissome Mme. Nhu, led giggling moonlight hunts for crustaceans to put in Sunday's bouillabaisse.

Across from the Majestic Hotel was a miniature golf course. The Vietnamese would not play, but they loved to watch the Americans. One evening, a sergeant missed 15 putts in a row. Fuming, he flung his putter into the Saigon River to the cheers of the Vietnamese. He was led away by buddies urging him to control his temper and think about "our relations with these people." The golfer snarled: "Screw these people."

—James Bell, Atlanta bureau chief, TIME

SUMMER 1963: We Are Winning

The summer of '63 was the time of the great debate among foreign correspondents over how the war was going. General Paul Harkins, then the U.S. military commander, swore that it was "well in hand." Most of us disagreed. The late TIME Correspondent John Mecklin and I composed a song to the tune of *Rock of Ages*:

We are winning, this I know,
General Harkins tells me so.
In the mountains, things are rough.
In the Delta, mighty tough,
But the V.C. will soon go,
General Harkins tells me so.

One night, Harkins showed up unbeknownst to us and, sitting behind a post at the Majestic heard us sing the song. He did not smile.

—Lee Griggs, Nairobi bureau chief, TIME

FALL 1963: A Coded Signal

When Buddhists began immolating themselves in the streets in the summer and fall of 1963, the spectacle caused such revulsion in the U.S. that American aid to President Diem's government—virtually the only prop holding it up—was suspended. That was the signal for his generals to move against him.

"Please buy me one bottle of whiskey at the PX," said a message delivered to a reporter one night at the end of October. It was a code, and the following day, "Big" Minh's troops moved into the



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city. From a roof 200 yds. away, I saw a white flag waving from a second-story window in Diem's Gia Long Palace. An hour or so later, in another part of the city, Diem was shot, and the era of the generals began.

—Murray Gort, chief of correspondents, TIME

1964-67: A Gut Feeling

In the year after Diem's assassination there were, as I recall, eight coups and counter coups. The American mission wrung its hands a good deal but discerned in each new Premier a natural leader and a true friend of the U.S. The confusion deepened when U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge was replaced by Ambassador Maxwell Taylor, who was in turn replaced by Lodge. Mission sources gravely told me that 1) it was fortunate to have a politician like Lodge in the embassy; 2) it was even more fortunate to have a military man like Taylor; 3) it was most fortunate of all to have Lodge back.

Late in 1967, I interviewed Robert Komer, then in charge of the pacification program. He wanted to know how things looked to me. On the surface, I said, pretty good. And yet somehow I felt that no real progress had been made, no matter what the computer statistics showed. Komer hooted. Did I really believe my gut feeling against all those banks of computers? Yes, I said. Komer grinned. That, he said, was what had been wrong all along with the reporting from Viet Nam: reporters were more impressed by what they felt than by what was so.

A little more than a month later, the 1968 Communist Tet offensive ravaged much of South Viet Nam.

—Frank McCulloch, managing editor, the Sacramento Bee

1968: The Washable Ocelot

The war was at its apogee in 1968. Saigon had become the think center—and dumping ground—for an American technology gone berserk. Into Newport harbor near Saigon, came airborne "sniffers" to detect the chemical traces of enemy troops and "sensors" to pick up the sound of Viet Cong footsteps.

Inevitably, much of the graciousness was gone from Saigon by then. The city was cacophonous—the din of engines and horns, the wail of ambulance sirens, and the distant rumbling of artillery and air strikes. There were 750,000 registered motor scooters and perhaps as many unregistered. Noxious blue fumes along the main streets denuded the tall trees of their leaves right up to the top. We used to say that the best way to win the war would be to invite Ho Chi Minh to Saigon. After one look—and smell—he would say, "I don't want any part of it."

The G.I.s who filled Saigon's bars all helped make it the rip-off capital of the world. A friend of mine bought an ocelot on Tu Do Street. When it rained,

the spots washed off, and my friend had a plain house cat.

—Marsh Clark, senior correspondent, TIME

1971: Parable of the Fatted Dog

When I ran into a bright, earnest young Army captain, a pacification adviser, I asked him about the mysterious process called Vietnamization. After an hour of talk about how the South Vietnamese were learning to take over the war, he finally started making sense. He told me the Parable of the Fatted Dog.

A year before, the captain had spotted a mangy pup on a Vietnamese garbage truck. He asked the driver what would become of it and was told that it would probably be killed for food. The



MME. NGO DINH NHU (1963)

An undertone of wicked excitement.

captain adopted the dog, and regularly fed it all-beef canned dog food from the States. But the captain did not want to bring the dog back home, and he did not want to leave it with the Vietnamese. "It would have ended up in someone's soup." So, he had the animal killed.

His story was emblematic of the doublethink that had already become a cliché of the war: destroy the village to save it, expand the war to contain it, Vietnamization, for that matter, was a word that meant exactly the opposite: Americanization, the final step in a long process of cultural assimilation.

—Jon Larsen, editor, New Times

1971: The Peeling Veneer

The French and Americans tried to make Saigon over in their own image, but both ultimately failed. For the French, there were cathedrals and villas, good little restaurants and quiet little brothels. For the Americans, there were superhighways and superstores, pizzerias and noisy little brothels. But

Saigon always had a rhythm of its own, a life that began to assert itself as soon as the foreign presence dimmed.

The American veneer started to peel away in 1971 when Nixon's Vietnamization policy began taking hold and the G.I.s headed home. The real Saigon came clearer: the narrow back streets and alleys honeycombed with tiny apartments, teeming with life that somehow retained order despite the crowding, the animist charms and mirrors that ward off evil spirits and welcomed good ones. The foreigners were leaving, and Saigon was returning to itself.

—Stanley Cloud, Washington correspondent, TIME

1975: Twice-Told Tales

Before jettisoning my shoulder bag and dashing to a waiting helicopter for what may be my last flight out of Saigon, I fished out a copy of the first story I ever filed from Viet Nam. It was dated July 8, 1948. In that year, the Viet Cong were called the Viet Minh, and they were fighting against Vietnamese government troops, French soldiers, foreign legionnaires and black mercenaries from Senegal and Morocco. When I re-read that story, my first and last days in Viet Nam seemed somehow indistinguishable. Excerpt: "The French hoped to pull large non-Communist nationalist resistance units away from the Communist-controlled Viet Minh. But instead of winning nationalists away from Ho Chi Minh's camp, they are driving them to it." Excerpt: "Saigon belongs to the French in the day and the Viet Minh at night. The faint, sporadic sputtering of machine-gun fire and thudding artillery disturb the night's peace."

—Roy Rowan, Hong Kong bureau chief, TIME



'You Are Always With Us, Uncle Ho'

In the patriotic struggle against U.S. aggression, we shall have indeed to undergo more difficulties and sacrifices, but we are sure to win total victory. This is an absolute certainty.

—The Last Testament of Ho Chi Minh, 1969

As the chilling wail of sirens sounded over Hanoi last week, a radio announcer quickly reassured his listeners that U.S. bombers were not on their way. "Don't run for the air-raid shelters," he said. "Let us celebrate the great victory." The citizens of Hanoi needed no encouragement. Normally the most staid and restrained of people, they exploded in an all-day celebration that rivaled Rio's carnival in exuberance.

The timing was almost perfect. News of Saigon's fall reached Hanoi at 9:30 on the morning before May Day. Within minutes, traffic snarled to a halt as drivers hopped out of trucks and autos to join in street dances. Firecrackers exploded everywhere, and bells rang joyously. Jubilant factory workers and office employees, teachers and pupils poured into the center of town. From a huge poster high on the façade of the Central Information Hall, overlooking the confluence of the city's main thoroughfares, Ho Chi Minh, clad in the green fatigues of the Viet Nam People's Army, smiled benignly on the joyful crowds. The big letters on the poster read: YOU ARE ALWAYS MARCHING WITH US, UNCLE HO.

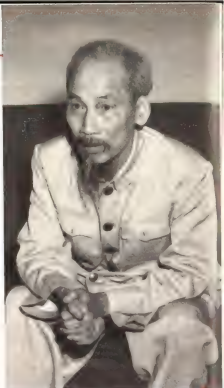
Indeed he was. The final assault on

Saigon was code-named the Ho Chi Minh Campaign. When Saigon collapsed, it was promptly rechristened Ho Chi Minh city. In the streets of rejoicing Hanoi, the most frequently exchanged greeting was "Ho Chi Minh muon nam" (Long live Ho Chi Minh).

Propaganda bombast aside, Ho Chi Minh, dead or alive, provided the crucial element in North Viet Nam's astonishing victory. No statesman now alive, except Yugoslavia's Tito and China's Mao, has so shaped his country's destiny. With his skill, cunning, sense of history and unshakable will, he turned a peasant and impoverished country into a force that exhibited fervor and zeal rarely matched in this century.

To a remarkable degree, Ho's life prepared him for his mission. He was born in 1890 in the province of Nghe An in what then was part of France's sprawling Far Eastern empire, and today is North Viet Nam. According to local myth, "a man born in Nghe An will oppose anything." His father, a magistrate, lost his post because of his links to the anti-French movement. His mother, who died when Ho was ten, once was arrested for stealing French arms for the rebels.

After studies in Hué and Saigon, Ho worked his way as a cabin boy aboard a ship to Europe. There, supporting himself with odd jobs (pastry cook at London's Carlton Hotel, photo retoucher in Paris), he became enamored of Communism as the means of overthrow-



HO CHI MINH IN HANOI (1954)

ing his country's imperialist burden.

By 1923 Ho was a student at the Toilers of the East University in Moscow. Next he went to China. After Chiang Kai-shek turned on the Communists and drove them underground in 1927, Ho spent the next 13 years shuttling between Moscow and China—with stopovers in Chiang's prisons. Behind bars, Ho honed his talent for writing poetry and began developing an avuncular manner that carefully masked his guile and ruthlessness. On occasion he would betray rival nationalist leaders to the French police and then donate the reward to the party.

At the outbreak of World War II, Ho returned to Indochina to organize a resistance movement against the invading Japanese. Toward the end of the war, he courted American intelligence officers in the hope that the U.S. would plead his cause. As Japan collapsed, he proclaimed an independent republic of Viet Nam, but the French, determined to regain the empire, refused to deal with him. After nine years of war, Ho's Viet Minh guerrillas bled France into exhaustion. But at the 1954 Geneva Conference, he was rewarded with only the northern half of the country.

The U.S., which Ho long thought of as a potential friend, backed the South Vietnamese regime and automatically became his new enemy. He completely outperformed Washington in the manipulation of world opinion, making the U.S. appear as a brutal oppressor while never admitting the aggressions of his own army against the South. In the end, the U.S. did what he always said it should do—go home.



NORTH VIETNAMESE CELEBRATING SURRENDER OF SAIGON IN STREETS OF HANOI

Henry Makes the Best of It

Henry Kissinger seemed like his old self last week, calm, humorous, thoughtful and persuasive, reported TIME's Washington bureau chief Hugh Sidey. He is making a determined effort, at a moment when much of the world calls his policies a failure and the U.S. withdrawal from Viet Nam a debacle, to put the best face on things. The Secretary of State appears ready to launch a new period of foreign policy evolution and innovation—if events let him. He thinks they will, concludes Sidey, a long-time observer of the Secretary.

The final Viet Nam convulsion was not exactly what he wanted or thought would happen, but now it is over and Kissinger is known to believe that we came out better than we might have. The Secretary realizes full well that there will be public and congressional post-mortems, but he doubts that the American people are going to sustain interest in a recriminatory debate for more than a few months.

Kissinger, it can safely be said, will not resign. He wants to finish the term with Ford—if the President wants him, and Kissinger has no doubts now that Ford does. The Secretary might have resigned if Nixon had survived Watergate, or if he himself had succeeded in the Middle East and Viet Nam had not gone under. But now he will not, even though he has accumulated some rather impressive enemies, which was perhaps inevitable once Nixon left the scene.

Lately, Ford and Kissinger have been working on the agenda for the NATO summit meeting in Brussels this month. At first, they thought that they might launch a series of new diplomatic initiatives to show the world that the U.S. is not moribund. But then they decided that that might aggravate the problem of credibility more than it would help. Thus the approach at Brussels will be steady and low-key. Ford, who will set aside time for every head of state in private, will not propose sweeping reappraisals but will reaffirm old ties, old friendships and promise new dimensions to the programs that exist, the alliances that endure. After Brussels, however, Ford will meet with Egyptian President Anwar Sadat in Salzburg and will visit Spain and Italy, two Mediterranean countries whose fragile political future might be affected by leftist currents in Portugal.

These are tricky times, Kissinger believes. There is considerable concern abroad about the ability of a President to conduct foreign policy—specifically to give his word on a matter. The worries are not so much directed at Ford and Kissinger as at the American sys-

tem. A President may well decide he wants to do something, but even if he pledges to do it, will Congress in its present mood allow it? Kissinger believes he can cope with that question. Indeed, he believes that the Congress will be far more conciliatory on the new foreign policy issues. Getting Watergate and Viet Nam behind us may work some minor miracles in terms of mood, atmosphere and the ability to move things along now.

One of Kissinger's hopes is that the press and his critics will look upon his foreign policy failures as mistakes of judgment rather than exercises in duplicity. Of course, there were times when he was less than perfectly candid, and when he seemed to be talking out of both

PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD



INDOCHINA

sides of his mouth at once. But he believes that within the context of the human experience his mistakes were not as bad as some journalists would have us believe.

Kissinger feels that had we given South Viet Nam the aid that it wanted and that the Administration felt was needed, the fall of the Saigon government might have been delayed another two or three or more years. That, in Kissinger's view, would have been better for this country. A new Administration would have been in place; Nixon, Kissinger and the war would have been farther back in the national consciousness. But the end result would have been the same for Viet Nam.

Could we have won that war? Kissinger is known to doubt it. Even if the U.S. had unleashed massive bombing back in the mid-1960s, the results in the 1970s might have been the same. The cost in dollars would have been immense. But then, after a time, those little men padding around in rubber sandals carrying their mortars probably would have been right back in South Viet Nam raising hell.

The current argument about secret agreements is understandable, in Kissinger's view, but not very important. He feels reasonably clean on that one. The Secretary still believes that the American exit from Viet Nam as devised by Nixon was proper and best for the nation.

Kissinger believes that we are in for a fascinating period of realignment in Southeast Asia. Viet Nam, with 42 million people and a good army, will be the major force. Cambodia and Laos will be satellites of Hanoi. With the Soviet Union and China in competition for influence, it would not surprise the Secretary if in five years or so there could be some feelers to us to come back and help stabilize things. Thailand, Malaysia and Indonesia will spend the next couple of years aligning themselves with Hanoi. With luck, nothing drastic will happen to them. China is now afraid that we might leave that part of the world entirely, and so Kissinger believes it will hold North Korea back from any drastic action. Japan and the Philippines are manageable.

The real danger now is what the Soviets will decide to do. So far it looks O.K. But if the U.S.S.R. and its friends decide that this is a time in which the U.S. is vulnerable, then there could be a series of nasty incidents.

The Middle East is the powder keg we have come to the point, the Secretary feels, when our actions must anger both the Israelis and the Arabs. That is hazardous, but less so than not doing anything, which probably would mean a war within the next twelve months. Aside from the Middle East, the world looks pretty good to the Secretary. Most leaders seem to be responding to the desires of their people for peace.

OPINION

After the Fall: Reactions and Rationales

After the surrender of Saigon, TIME asked a number of Americans who, as planners or participants, critics or casualties, were closely involved with the war in Viet Nam for their reactions to the Communist victory and their reflections on the meaning of the generation-long conflict. The answers:

GENERAL WILLIAM WESTMORELAND, 61, former commander of U.S. forces in South Viet Nam, retired in Charleston, S.C.: "It was heartbreaking, but it was not surprising. I've gone through the an-

guish of seeing Viet Nam deteriorate bit by bit. I must say the process has been more rapid than I thought would be the case. It was a sad day in the glorious history of our country. But elements in this country have been working for this end. We failed. We let an ally down. But it was inevitable after Congress pulled the rug out from under the President with the War Powers Act. Hanoi was home free at that moment, for our only trump was gone. Other countries in Southeast Asia must be lonely and frightened. People who dismiss the domino theory are all wet."

HUBERT HUMPHREY, 63, Democratic Senator from Minnesota and Lyndon Johnson's Vice President: "There's great sadness when you see the collapse of part of a country, when you see the incredible suffering, turmoil and panic which gripped so many. We shouldn't feel, though, that we've let anyone down. No outside force can save a country that lacks the will or political leadership. What we've learned is that there aren't American answers for every problem in the world. We made judgments about that part of the world based on our experience in Europe. We were a world power with a half-world knowledge. It's clear that there's blame enough for all of us. I include myself."

DEAN RUSK, 65, Secretary of State under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, professor of international law at the University of Georgia's law school: "What we've got to do is look hard at what we mean when we talk about collective security. If it's going to cost us 50,000 dead every decade, we're not very secure and our security isn't collective. One caution for young people: if they reject the mistakes of their fathers—and I'm one of them—they should not endorse the mistakes of

their grandfathers [i.e., an isolationist attitude]. I think both the Republicans and the Democrats should suspend politics for the rest of this year. We've got to put our heads together and quietly debate the direction in which we wish to proceed, as we did immediately after World War II."

WILLIAM BUNDY, 57, foreign policy adviser to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, editor of *Foreign Affairs*: "On balance the war must surely be judged a tragedy with devastating consequences for the people of both Viet Nam and the United States. But the choices still seem to me to have been very hard ones. How much is it worth to give a nation a chance? Because we lost we shouldn't beat our breast. It was a close choice with moral factors on both sides. On a wider view, buying time for the nations of Southeast Asia to stabilize their governments was the major reason for our actions. Thus there is faint consolation in the fact that such countries as Thailand, Singapore, Indonesia and Malaysia are not in all that bad shape."

CLARK CLIFFORD, 68, Lyndon Johnson's Secretary of Defense, a Washington attorney: "It is the best result as far as the people of South Viet Nam are concerned. The fall of Saigon means a civil war has ended. What I hope it means in the U.S. is intelligent analysis—no re-cremations, but a national debate. Asking basic questions like 'How did we get into this?' would imbed Viet Nam in our consciousness so we might never make this kind of mistake again."

J. WILLIAM FULBRIGHT, 70, former Senator from Arkansas and former chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, a member of a Washington law firm: "We should put this down to experience, and from here on we should be much more mature, more cautious and more responsible in our approach to these matters. Americans have assumed a certain godliness, a certain feeling that everything we did was

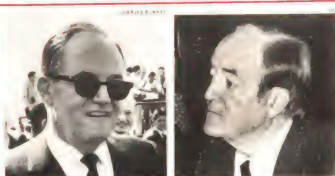


DEAN RUSK (1968); IN ATLANTA (1975)



WESTMORELAND (1966); IN HONOLULU (1975)

STRATTON AS P.O.W. (1967); AT HOME IN CALIFORNIA (1975)



HUMPHREY IN VIET NAM (1968); IN SENATE (1975)

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5. Prizes are new or near-new and non-refundable for cash. Only one prize to a family, and no substitutes for prizes are offered. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of correct entries received. All \$504 prizes will be awarded.

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7. Contest open to residents of Continental United States, Alaska and Hawaii. Employees and their families of White Horse Distillers, Ltd., Four Roses Distillers Company and affiliated and subsidiary companies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, their advertising agencies, and V.I.P. Service, Inc. are not eligible. Contest void where prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local regulations apply.

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just wonderful while everyone else was either bad or questionable. One of our greatest faults has been a contemptuous, supercilious attitude—calling the other side 'gooks' and 'charlies' I think all that's happened should induce a certain period of introspection."

GEORGE BALL, 65, Under Secretary of State in the Kennedy and Johnson administrations and now an investment banker in New York City, who opposed the commitment of U.S. forces to Southeast Asia: "It always seemed that this would be the denouement. It was clear when the Paris accords were by both sides—and they were. Now we must be careful to read the right lessons for the future. First, we must be critical and cautious where and how we commit American power. In South Viet Nam there was no political structure sufficiently sturdy to bear the weight of our power. Second, we must be certain when forces are committed in support of American interests that our interests are more than marginal, as was not the case in Viet Nam."

DANIEL ELSBERG, 44, former Rand Corp. consultant who made the Pentagon papers public: "All the commentators seem to have emphasized the tragedy, humiliation and sadness of all this I think it was somewhat perverse to react only to that aspect of the events at the moment when the war was finally coming gloriously to a conclusion. It was the will of the American people, expressed to Congress, that ended this war now. That's the best possible celebration of the Bicentennial of the American Revolution that I can imagine."

HAROLD HARMON, 57, a retired Army lieutenant colonel who was one of the first 17 U.S. advisers sent to Viet Nam in 1954: "If we had pulled out ten years ago, Viet Nam would have fallen then. If we had stayed on another ten years, they still would have collapsed when we pulled out. This is a battle we lost. You can't win them all."

SAM BROWN, 31, a key organizer behind Senator Eugene McCarthy's 1968 presidential campaign and the 1969 antiwar moratoriums, state treasurer of Colorado: "My first reaction was one of hollowness. The reason, I guess, is that I don't see that the fall of Saigon gives rebirth to any of those things that the war killed, to any new hope or ideal or vision. It doesn't wash away the hostile divisions of the last 15 years in this country. The group of people who make our foreign policy are the same men who have made the decisions for the last 20 years—and made them badly."

JANE FONDA, 37, actress and antiwar activist: "What happened is what happened to us 200 years ago: a revolution for independence, playing itself out



JANE FONDA IN NORTH VIET NAM



WITH TOM HAYDEN IN SANTA MONICA

in Viet Nam. To say Saigon has 'fallen' is to say that the 13 colonies 'fell' two centuries ago."

TOM HAYDEN, 35, is Fonda's husband, a founder of the Students for a Democratic Society and a longtime peace-movement leader: "A couple of times I was close to tears thinking of the faces of the people I've seen in Viet Nam over the last ten years, thinking how happy they must be. This is the first time in over 100 years that country hasn't been occupied in one form or another by either French or American troops. Now they're able to try and put their house in order. But ending the war is only half the goal. The other half is learning the lessons of the war so it doesn't happen again."

JOHN FERMIN, 32, a former Army PFC, lost a leg during his five months in Viet Nam. He is now recuperating from a liver operation in Manhattan's VA hospital: "I don't think we had any right over there. I don't mind helping the people, but they should have fought the war themselves. But I figured that if we were there to fight, we should fight to win. We got into it halfway and I came home with half a leg. America is a powerful country. She stands for human rights. She's ashamed. She should be."

THOMAS HYLAND, 30, was seriously wounded by a mortar shell while serving as a military adviser in Viet Nam in December 1968. He is special counsel for the Securities and Exchange Commission in the New York region: "I paid with almost two years of my life for something I don't have the answers to. The Government owes us a debt that is signed in blood to explain why Tom Hyland and others like him went there



SAM BROWN THEN (1969) & NOW



TOMMY HYLAND IN UNIFORM, IN NEW YORK

When I hear Ford say let's forget about the past, I get more enraged. That's bullshit. My brother-in-law wakes up every day without his legs. How can he forget? I suffered a great deal. I can think of days when I lived from one morphine shot to the next. Is it true that this was a waste?"

DEAN KAHLE, 25, Kent State University student who was wounded by a National Guardsman's bullet in May 1970 and paralyzed for life: "All I could think about is that we are finally out of there. If it had happened five years ago, I might not be sitting here this way today. If nothing else, student dissent and student opinion finally reached the older people, people who run this country."

COMMANDER RICHARD STRATTON, 43, who spent six years and two months in a North Vietnamese prison: "American disengagement from Viet Nam was inevitable, but the manner in which we did it was embarrassing. I certainly thought we owed it to the Vietnamese to show a little more class than that. We led them down the primrose path and left them hanging on the end of the limb. Then we sawed it off. So why should we be surprised when we see them fall? As for me, I did everything I could. I can face myself in the mirror. I don't know how many other Americans like Jane Fonda can say the same thing."

REFUGEES

A Cool and Wary Reception

The final U.S. act in the Viet Nam drama threatened to divide Americans deeply. For the most part, they applauded their Government's efforts to save refugees' lives. But they reacted warily and skeptically, blending legitimate economic concerns with ugly racist and xenophobic fears, to news that thousands of refugees would be brought to the U.S. Of 1,491 adults questioned recently by the Gallup poll, only 36% thought that the refugees should be permitted to live in the U.S.; 54% said that they should be kept out.

The public hostility stemmed in part from confusion over how many refugees there were (estimate at week's end about 120,000) and what would happen to them. The situation was further complicated by a vitriolic fight between Congress and the White House over a bill to aid the refugees. President Gerald Ford urged the House to rush through a \$327 million aid package that had cleared the Senate a week earlier. The bill had originally been intended to authorize the use of U.S. troops in removing Americans and some endangered Vietnamese from South Viet Nam, as well as pay for the evacuation and provide aid for the refugees. The troop provision, of course, had been outdated by events, and Ford assured Congress that it would never be used.

A largely Democratic majority of House members, however, was reluctant to set an unnecessary precedent that might extend presidential warmaking powers; the bill was defeated by a vote of 246 to 162. Ford was outraged and declared that the vote reflected "fear and misunderstanding, rather than charity and compassion." He demanded that Congress act quickly on a new aid bill, arguing that "to do otherwise would be a repudiation of the finest principles and traditions of America."

There was little doubt that Congress would eventually appropriate money for the refugees, possibly even the \$500 million that State Department officials estimate will be needed over the next year. But the fight between Ford and Congress helped fuel a growing controversy across the nation over how far the U.S. obligation to the Vietnamese refugees extended. As the first plane loads of refugees reached resettlement centers in the U.S. (see box next page), TIME correspondents found that most Americans were torn between a natural desire to help the war victims and fears, often greatly exaggerated, that they would add to U.S. economic and social problems. The dilemma of Mark Romagnoli of

Manchester, N.H., a researcher for the state legislature, was typical. Said he: "I can't make up my mind. There are so many people here at home who need aid, and we've given so much away to outsiders. But then I also feel that we're responsible for what happened to the refugees, so we ought to help them."

Racial Prejudice. In letters and telephone calls to public officials, many people urged that little or no help be given to the refugees. Some opposition was clearly based on racial prejudice. Republican Representative Burt Talcott of California reported some feeling among his constituents "that, damn it, we have too many Orientals." Declared John Follmer, a St. Louis house painter: "They couldn't fight their own war, so the hell with them. Let them stay in their own country." Said David Collins, a veteran of the war who now teaches political science at Georgia State University: "Viet Nam seems a long way away to me now and I don't think we want to be reminded of it."

Much of the opposition was based on fears that the U.S. would have difficulty in absorbing all of the Vietnamese. The State Department tried to persuade other countries to accept some of the refugees but met with little success. To calm American apprehension, officials argued that about a quarter of the Vietnamese would be joining relatives already in the U.S. and that only about a third would eventually want jobs, adding infinitesimally to the country's present army of unemployed.

Immigration officials could not even estimate how many of the refugees spoke English, had marketable job skills and could be readily assimilated. As a result, many Americans were still convinced that the refugees might become a costly and unjustifiable burden on U.S. social services. Declared Ralph Siverson, a druggist in Hendricks, Minn.: "If they can pay their way, it's great. But we don't owe them an unemployment check." Asked Judith Chan, an accountant in Marin County, Calif.: "What are these people going to do to our taxes and welfare rolls?"

Some opposition to the resettlement program came from liberals who might have been expected to back an open-door policy. Margery Swann, an employee of the American Friends Service Committee, felt U.S. aid might be better spent in Viet Nam. Said she: "What we hope is that the refugees here, when they see things calm down over there, will go home to rebuild their lives."

A few former opponents of the war

VIETNAMESE ARRIVING IN CALIFORNIA



ABOVE, REFUGEES AT CAMP PENDLETON; AT LEFT, PROTESTERS IN FORT SMITH, ARK.



AMERICAN MARINES SETTING UP TENTS AT CAMP PENDLETON TO ACCOMMODATE SOUTH VIETNAMESE REFUGEES

The Agony of Arrival

Day after day, as artillery fire thundered a somber greeting from a nearby range, the buses disgorged their weary passengers. Vietnamese refugees were arriving at their first destination in America: Camp Pendleton in Southern California. Small-businessmen and Saigon bureaucrats, their faces etched with fatigue and suffering, their tight-lipped wives stifling tears, their children staring blankly in the bright sunlight, filed into the camp. There they were issued mattresses, bedclothes and kits containing toilet articles, sandals and one candy bar each. Inside the tents and Quonset huts hastily erected for the emergency, the refugees finally gave way to emotions stored up over weeks of anxiety. In their first communal act in America, they embraced and wept.

That scene will be repeated many times, not only at Pendleton but at Fort Chaffee, Ark., and Florida's Eglin Air Force Base until the thousands of refugees are processed by the U.S. Government and ushered into American life. Like last week's first arrivals, many of the refugees will undoubtedly be bewildered by the impersonal routine of the camps. They will be given a medical exam, fingerprinted by the Immigration and Naturalization Service, issued a Social Security card, tested for their job skills and command of English, and interviewed about a U.S. sponsor. Without one, no Vietnamese can leave the base.

The sponsor assumes a moral responsibility to help refugees find lodging and a job. No fewer than seven volunteer service agencies* are now searching for potential sponsors around the U.S. It is a familiar task for the agencies, which have assisted many past immigrant groups, but the Vietnamese effort is more difficult because they are arriving in such a rush. While they are awaiting processing and a sponsor, the refugees must adjust to crude living conditions in huts and tents that are baked under the Southern sun.

Because of the rapid exodus, U.S. Government officials were caught unprepared, and have fallen behind in the processing. "Organization!" scoffed Stuart Callison, an Agency for International Development official assigned to Pendleton. "We beat the first load of refugees here by an hour and a half. That's how organized we are. I haven't the vaguest idea what's going on. I get all my news out of the Los Angeles Times." William Wild, another AID official who is in charge of the Pendleton operation, considered himself in business once he was able to lease a small data-processing machine

for 90 days. "I'm operating on \$40 million left over from the Cambodian foreign assistance funds," he groaned. "We could be in trouble if Congress doesn't quickly approve the appropriation for the refugees."

Like most immigrants before them, the Vietnamese are sad about the life they have left behind and apprehensive about what lies ahead in America. "We are getting bona fide refugees without anything or anybody," says INS Official Don Day at Pendleton. "I never know what will happen to me, only what has happened to me," mourned Hoan Lac, 39, a psychotherapist, who cried softly as she rocked her two-year-old child. "I have many friends in this country, but I have lost their addresses. I had to leave Viet Nam in 50 minutes." Pham An Thanh, 40, once a prosperous marketing manager for a paper and sugar distributing company in Viet Nam, fought back the tears as he noted that his current net worth is \$4. "You know," he said in broken English as he fingered his worn trousers, "when I go, I had to get to put on my good clothes." Then he mused: "I believe I have a good future here. I think the Americans in the end are good people. I think. I hope."

Despite the screening in Guam, some obviously unqualified refugees reached the U.S. Parts of Pendleton resembled Saturday night in Saigon, as bar girls clad in tight-fitting slacks flirted with Marines. An Air Force officer admitted that the eight women accompanying him were not, strictly speaking, dependents. "I'm not married to any of them, and I'm not related to any of them either," he said. "I met them when I was stationed in Nam, and I felt I had to get them out. The authorities must have known I was lying, but they realized it was the only way to save their lives."

For all the trauma of their arrival, the Vietnamese will probably fare as well in America as past immigrants. They will not have the impact of the 650,000 Cubans who fled from Castro and settled largely—and for the most part successfully—in Miami. They are more likely to scatter throughout the country in the manner of the 38,000 Hungarians who escaped to America after the 1956 revolution was crushed by the Soviets. Like the Cubans and the Hungarians, the Vietnamese are mostly middle-class people who should be able to overcome social obstacles and make a decent living. Says INS Commissioner Leonard Chapman: "The Vietnamese are hard-working, honorable, highly religious, artistic, and they have a great sense of family." Their staying power, moreover, has already been cruelly tested. Notes Harvard Sociologist Tom Pettigrew: "In such a murderous war, most people would not have shown themselves to be tough and so persistent. I think these qualities will show up in the refugees."

*The seven: International Rescue Committee, Inc.; Church World Services; Lutheran World Council; U.S. Catholic Conference; Tolstoy Foundation; United HIAS Service; American Fund for Czech Relief.

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worried about the political alignment of the refugees. Philip Weber, a member of Boston's Indochina Peace Campaign, feared that many refugees would become active in right-wing politics and that some would serve as "the next generation of CIA agents in Asia, just as the Cubans were in Latin America."

Softened Attitude. It seemed probable, however, that opposition would dwindle as Americans learned more about the refugees. That seemed to be happening in the communities near the refugee resettlement centers: Camp Pendleton, Calif.; Fort Chaffee, Ark.; and Eglin Air Force Base, Fla. All three areas have high unemployment rates (14% in Florida), and residents feared

at first that the bulk of the refugees would be settled permanently in their communities.

Apprehensions eased after the State Department promised that the Vietnamese would be dispersed throughout the country. At week's end, residents' attitudes had softened and many were contributing blankets and clothing for refugees. Moreover, many people near the camps look forward to temporary economic benefits from the refugees. Aides to Arkansas Senator Dale Bumpers reported that the resettlement program would pump about \$10 per refugee per day into the Fort Chaffee area economy.

In the end, most Americans seemed likely to agree that for moral reasons

the U.S. had no choice but to help the refugees. Said Political Scientist Wesley Fishel of Michigan State University: "Whether we bring them here to this country or find places for them to settle elsewhere, that's irrelevant. If we lose our compassionate touch with helping mankind, we'll lose a part of our tradition." There were also more practical arguments in favor of helping the refugees make new lives for themselves in the U.S. Said Democratic Representative Thomas E. Morgan, chairman of the House International Relations Committee: "What are we going to do? Throw them back into the water? Now that they are here we have to take care of them."

TIME ESSAY

The Final Commitment: People

The Viet Nam War seems endless in its capacity to generate unpleasant surprises. The latest is the unexpected hostility to accepting Vietnamese refugees into the U.S. It has surfaced suddenly with considerable fervor, and for a variety of often contradictory reasons, all over the country. Senator McGovern, the 1972 presidential peace candidate, says: "I think the Vietnamese are better off in Viet Nam, including the orphans." The manager of a John Birch Society bookstore near the new refugee tent city at Eglin Air Force Base in Florida is afraid of "tropical diseases floating around." Right-wingers worry that there might be Communists among the refugees; those who opposed the war suspect that too many are corrupt generals and profiteering businessmen who were able to push or bribe their way to safety

America's unemployed see new rivals for scarce jobs. A Gallup poll last week found 54% of all Americans opposed to admitting Vietnamese refugees to live in the U.S., and only 36% in favor.

The refugees themselves, with their leatherette suitcases and string-tightened plastic bags—those who were privileged and got reserved seats, those who scrambled and were saved—are so motley and undefinable that some among them can be used to prove any argument, except the one about communicable diseases, which inspection shows them not to have. They include those who bribed their way out; those who made quick marriages—as well as those who mastered English and technical knowledge and worked for IBM or the Department of Defense or Chase Manhattan; those who are trained doctors

or pharmacists; those who out of religious belief or political conviction made themselves early enemies of the new regime; those whose service in the Vietnamese army or government or whose working for the U.S. guaranteed their arrest, their "re-education," or in some cases their death. Most, though they looked as ragtag as any fleeing refugee, are urban and middle-class.

Few freedom trains greet them with welcome flags flying. Yet it could be said that those Vietnamese also chose freedom, much like those who by a similar tangle of fears, principles and ambitions were among the 400,000 mostly Eastern European refugees admitted to the U.S. after World War II, the 38,000 who fled here after the Hungarian revolution in 1956, and the 650,000 mostly middle-class Cubans who escaped or left Castro's Cuba.

As John Kennedy said, the U.S. is a nation of immigrants: since 1820, when the Government first began keeping score, nearly 50 million have been admitted. Since the first census of 1790 (which showed a population roughly 75% of British origin), there have been vast waves of immigrants, and sometimes counterwaves of hostility, which surfaced in the Know-Nothing anti-foreign agitations of the 1850s and the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882. In the 1840s and 1850s, hundreds of thousands of Germans fled poverty and political unrest; nearly a million Irish came after the potato famine; the biggest wave (nearly 8 million) swept over Ellis Island from Hungary, Italy and Russia between 1901 and 1910. Though Americans have long prided themselves on their open hospitality, as the land has filled up they have more closely guarded the door. They have set quotas, preferring to admit those with ties to people already here. But stirred by resistance to tyranny, or moved by those—in Eastern Europe, Cuba or elsewhere—who might have counted on American

ITALIAN IMMIGRANT FAMILY ARRIVING IN NEW YORK IN 1905



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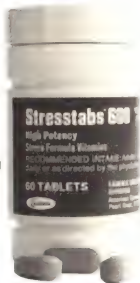
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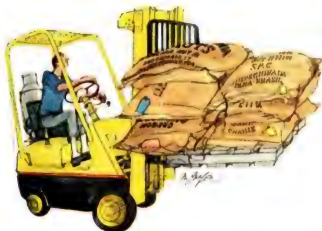
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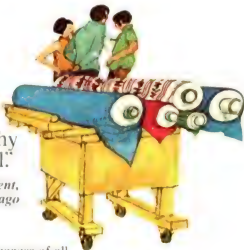
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encouragement, they have always made exceptions. On such grounds, the South Vietnamese plainly qualify.

Choosing freedom, that resounding propaganda phrase, is of course not heard much this time. In the disillusioned aftermath of Viet Nam, such self-congratulatory patriotic talk does not have much resonance. Or is the difference in the fact that the new refugees are Asians? Some among the Vietnamese wives of American G.I.s who arrived here earlier and encountered prejudice and resentment think so. Prejudice certainly exists; yet nearly half a million Asians were admitted legally to the U.S. in the 1960s, and another 90,000 last year. Even the understandable recession worries about competing job seekers could not account for all the hostility.

The explanation must be that the refugees constitute 120,000 reminders of a country—and a war—that the U.S. seems determined to forget as quickly as possible. After Congress turned down President Ford's bill to provide \$327 million to resettle the refugees, the President's response was to condemn the vote as "not worthy of a people" raised on Emma Lazarus' moving invitation to the Old World's "huddled masses yearning to breathe free." Yet Americans have been buffeted lately by confusing admonitions from on high. Only three weeks ago, the President blamed Congress for not keeping America's commitment, and admired Moscow and Peking for keeping theirs. As Saigon was collapsing and more than a billion dollars worth of U.S.-supplied guns, planes and tanks were abandoned, he pleaded that \$722 million more could "stabilize the military situation." It could not have, of course, and a week later Ford proclaimed the war "finished as far as America is concerned," and urged no recriminations.

Yet of course the war is not really finished as far as America is concerned—and here come the 120,000 reminders. The reception they get, after the first picketing dies down, will in fact be one indicator of what kind of people Americans are. One of the difficulties about democracy is that when its leadership is confused, divided or uncertain, then the demonstrations and fury of a few can be taken as the will of the many. Even Abraham Lincoln, that most convinced of democrats, argued that all the people can be fooled (or confused) some of the time: it was democracy's long-run judgment that he would bet on. He lived in an age when rhetoric had not yet been debased. "Peace with honor" was invoked to justify the Christmas bombing of North Viet Nam; "commitment" has become a disputed phrase about what Richard Nixon did or did not promise Saigon. But surely peace with honor includes a refuge for those who, with or without a proper, binding legal commitment, trusted the U.S. for so many years.

■ Thomas Griffith

THE VICE PRESIDENCY

Rocky's Turn to the Right

Zealous as ever, Vice President Nelson Rockefeller has thrown himself into a campaign to prove that he is one political animal that can change its spots. His goal: to convince powerful G.O.P. conservatives that the liberal they used to hate has become a middle-of-the-roader they can learn to tolerate, if not to love.

The principal target of Rocky's campaign is Arizona Senator Barry Gold-

Gerald Ford, former California Governor Ronald Reagan and the entire Republican Party. To have any chance of winning the 1976 presidential election, Ford must lead a united G.O.P. to the polls. But as the President tries to hold the party together, one of his main problems is Rockefeller, who has enraged conservatives over the years with his liberal big-government, big-spending approach to domestic problems. If Ford



ROCKEFELLER (LEFT) WITH AN AIDE & GOLDWATER AT CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S FUNERAL. Proving he is one political animal that can change its spots.

water—an old political enemy, but also the man who has the best chance of persuading rebellious Republican conservatives to stick with the party. Rocky and Barry would seem to constitute the odd couple of the G.O.P. In 1964 Rockefeller, then New York Governor, was jeered by the conservative-dominated convention. In the campaign, Rockefeller gave only tepid support to the Senator's bid for the presidency. In turn, Goldwater voted against confirming Rockefeller as Vice President.

But bygones, apparently, are bygones. Last month, while the two men were flying to the funeral of Chiang Kai-shek in Taiwan, the Vice President invited the Senator to breakfast. As their two-hour conversation drew to an end, Rockefeller asked bluntly: "Why did you vote against me?" Just as bluntly, Goldwater replied that at the time he had been trying to be re-elected to the Senate in Arizona, and "I found you're not very popular out there." "I thought that was it," said Rockefeller. "Thank you very much." The two men shook hands.

Rockefeller's wooing of the right has implications not only for himself but for

ran with an unrepentant Rockefeller on his ticket, the G.O.P. right wing would be more likely to break away and form a third party under Reagan's banner.

Ford clearly wants to run—and win. Last week the usually unflappable President snapped, "that was a planted story," at a report in *Newsweek* that he will not be a candidate in 1976. This week, in fact, a steering committee will begin planning his campaign.

Love Fest. If Ford ever should withdraw, perhaps because of the health of his wife, the Republican nomination would be up for grabs. Rockefeller would desperately need conservative support to win the honor for himself and to pursue his eternal dream of reaching the White House. Thus in any exigency, the cold logic of presidential politics dictates that Rockefeller must assuage the right-wingers who still see pink whenever they mention his name.

After the Vice President extolled the merits of the free-enterprise system at last week's convention of the Chamber of Commerce of the U.S., Goldwater declared: "If he keeps speaking that way, he'll get the backing of conservatives all

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over the country. He's talking about the economy, and that's the only issue." Rockefeller took another big step toward conciliating the right a fortnight ago when he apologized to the Senate for any "discourtesy" he may have shown Alabama's Democratic Senator James B. Allen. Last February, while chairing the Senate, Rockefeller had angered conservatives by refusing to recognize Allen during debate of a rule change to limit filibustering (TIME, March 17). In the love fest that followed Rockefeller's apology, conservatives in both parties rose to extol the Vice President for his wisdom and generosity.

To help his image, Rockefeller has also been the guest of honor at a series of dinner parties arranged by Tennessee's Senator Howard Baker and Marlow Cook, a former Senator from Kentucky and now an influential Washington lawyer. The goal of the dinners is to show Senate Republicans—particularly conservative skeptics—that the Vice President is really just a misunderstood victim of his own fame. This week Rockefeller will be the grilled guest at another stag, all-business dinner given by Nebraska's Senator Roman Hruska, one of the G.O.P.'s right-hand anchors.

New Defente. Although he has been winning some ground on Capitol Hill, Rockefeller's courting of conservatives has as yet made little impact on G.O.P. stalwarts throughout the country. "I don't see how he can change the habits of 30 years," says Robert J. Huber, an industrialist and former state senator from Michigan. Indeed, Rockefeller recently alienated West Coast conservatives by naming to his staff John Veneman, a liberal Californian who once served as Under Secretary of the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Notes a Reagan aide: "The symbolism of the Veneman appointment goes against the grain of any Rockefeller rapprochement with the right."

Rockefeller, of course, would like to accomplish the rapprochement before 1976, but he is realistic enough to realize that time is short and that his reputation still causes what he calls a "visceral reaction" among many conservatives. He is pleased with the new spirit of détente that he has managed to work out with Goldwater. "I'm very big on him," says Rockefeller. "We have been good friends over the years—with a few unfortunate hiatuses. We have a great many fundamental concepts about this country that are very similar."

Rockefeller is also clearly scoring points with the man who counts: Jerry Ford. Last month the President told CBS's Walter Cronkite, "I think the public has the wrong perception of Nelson Rockefeller. He is not the wild liberal that some people allege." Ford has also consistently maintained that the vice-presidential candidate he wants to run with him in 1976 is the Vice President himself.

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDNEY

Ending a Personal War

Viet Nam was a President's war. It was a personal thing for the five Presidents who dealt with it. Their decisions did not rise so much out of monstrous events, the usual beginnings of war, as from murky revolutionary stirrings in the jungles, which ultimately had to be weighed in each man's mind and heart.

Ho Chi Minh was not a Kaiser or a Hitler, and there were at no massed armies sweeping over traditional allied lands that made an American response automatic. There was not even a Korean type of open aggression that could trigger an easy and obvious presidential order to counterattack. From Dwight Eisenhower down to Gerald Ford, the Viet Nam decisions were more the stuff of character of a single man than in any other major conflict this nation has fought.

The decisions came in small and private moments for the most part, the sum of the man's education, family background, experience, his ideas about courage and American tradition. Finally it was simply his "feeling."

The cautious old soldier in Eisenhower saved us from the headstrong secret devisings of John Foster Dulles and Admiral Arthur Radford in 1954. "No one could be more opposed to getting the U.S. involved in a hot war in [Indochina] than I am," he said. "I cannot conceive of a greater tragedy." When Dulles and Radford dreamed up an air strike (with Vice President Richard Nixon's blessing), Ike's insistence that other countries join us and that prior congressional authorization be given caused the plan to fail. One wonders if Ike, with a shake of the head, would have changed history had he been in the Oval Office when the question of putting U.S. troops into Viet Nam came up. Maybe.

John Kennedy, worried about his own courage, upped the ante in Viet Nam by putting in more military advisers. But he walked around the back corridors of the White House profoundly upset by the forces that seemed to push him toward a greater intervention. In the summer of 1961 he slipped up to the Waldorf in New York and listened as General Douglas MacArthur told him to stay out of Asia. He could not get it out of his mind. He had MacArthur come down to the White House for lunch. "You know what he said," Kennedy mused the next day. "He said that we shouldn't put one American soldier on the continent of Asia—we couldn't win a fight in Asia." Again the haunting question: would a simple no or a furrowed brow in the Cabinet Room have prevented the Viet Nam agony? It could have.

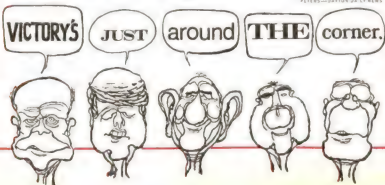
Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon were such forged products of their past that perhaps there was no way they could have done anything differently. But like those before them, their judgments came not so much from events or from great policy deliberations, but from small facets of their conviction and experience. "I'm not going to be the first President to lose a war... Boys, it is just like the Alamo. Somebody should have by God helped those Texans. I'm going to Viet Nam... Come home with the coonskin on the wall." That was our President as he moved us deeper and deeper into Viet Nam. Lyndon Johnson, out of Texas legend, could not conceive of courage and wisdom as anything but a victory of force.

And then there was the weekend in 1972 when Richard Nixon brooded on his mountaintop at Camp David and ordered the bombing of North Viet Nam. One man with a few words unleashed the greatest destructive strikes in all of history. The decision came from within him. His life rested to an alarming degree on distrust, hate and a belief in being "tough." He was ready to bomb again that spring. Only the threat of Watergate and his own political death stopped him.

Gerald Ford too has responded to the final Viet Nam convulsion in small, human increments. His first feelings that Congress had failed him by not voting more military aid gave way to his inner dimensions of good sense. In the White House, he looked at his aides when the awful truth overwhelmed him. "It's over," he said. "Let's put it behind us."

The lesson written in the Oval Office is that never again should this nation allow its Presidents to have their own war.

PICTURES—DAVID D. LEVINE



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AN AMERICAN ARMY SENTRY STANDING GUARD ALONG THE DEMILITARIZED ZONE IN SOUTH KOREA (1973)

THE WORLD

GEOPOLITICS

After Viet Nam: What Next in Asia?

"We must first of all face the fact that what has happened in Indochina has disquieted many of our friends, especially in Asia."

—President Gerald Ford

In the four weeks since Ford spoke those words in his "State of the World" address, America's friends, allies or clients in Asia have grown increasingly alarmed as Communist forces dramatically swept through Cambodia and South Viet Nam and renewed their insurgent attacks on a hitherto quiescent Laos. Throughout Asia, as a result, foreign ministries were pondering how they might live with a probably united, emboldened and Communist Viet Nam and what adjustments they would have to make in their relationships with the U.S. The effect on U.S. policy will be equally profound. Washington had been examining the U.S. role in Asia for some time, and officials are speeding up a fundamental reassessment of the Asian policy that the country has followed since the defeat of Japan in 1945.

Economic Ties. For a number of Asian nations, the most prudent step seemed to be to loosen their ties with Washington. Even before the triumphant Communist offensive in Viet Nam got under way, Bangkok asked that the

U.S. withdraw its 23,000 troops and 200 combat aircraft from Thailand by next March. Last week Foreign Minister Chatichai Choonhavan announced that Thailand had reached an agreement with the U.S. to actually begin the military exodus. Even though Thai soldiers are skirmishing with Communist-backed insurgents along the country's eastern border, Bangkok has sought to open diplomatic relations with Hanoi, and is also trying to develop economic and diplomatic ties with Peking.

Some pessimistic Western observers believe that a government-encouraged wave of anti-Americanism could come next. "We've kept the U.S. forces on our soil for too long," said Seni Pramot, the brother of Prime Minister Kukrit Pramot. "We sent our troops to fight in Viet Nam. I'm sure that the Viet Cong did not like our actions." With South Viet Nam's captured American arsenal and a rich new source of manpower—the population of both Viet Nams is about 43,000,000—Hanoi will now be the pre-eminent military power in Southeast Asia, and its neighbors are nervously wondering whether it will be content with last week's victory or pursue an expansionist policy. One alarming note was the immediate call for the ouster of U.S. forces from South Korea.

Closer links with the Communist states, argues Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos, are "the only way to ensure our security and survival." Manila has hinted that it may ask the U.S. to renegotiate its huge Philippine air and naval bases, even though the lease runs until 1991. Marcos has sarcastically asked "whether commitments by U.S. Presidents are binding" or are merely "forms of psychological reassurances." That was a reference to the U.S.-Philippine mutual defense treaty of 1951. Although the pact was ratified by Congress, the interpretation that it requires the U.S. to "instantly repel" an attack on the Philippines is based solely on declarations by U.S. Presidents. The Philippines are actually in little danger of invasion, but Marcos is worried about the threat posed by indigenous Communist guerrillas to his regime.

Unite by Force. Even nations that have no plausible hope of making accommodations with the Communists are reassessing their positions. Taiwan's Premier Chiang Ching-kuo has said that Taiwan must be ready to defend itself by its own efforts. For South Korean President Park Chung Hee, the moral of Viet Nam is that "in the end, you count on nobody but yourself." Park's nightmare is that North Korean President Kim Il

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CHRYSLER
MINORS DIVISION



A photograph of a tropical river at night. The river is calm, reflecting the lights from the banks. On the left bank, there are palm trees and several tall, thin torches that are lit, casting a warm glow. On the right bank, there are more palm trees and a small structure. In the middle of the river, there are several small canoes with people in them. The overall atmosphere is peaceful and romantic.

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A color photograph of a tropical beach. In the foreground, a large, leafy tree with thick branches dominates the right side, casting shadows on the sand. Two people are sitting on lounge chairs on the beach, facing each other. The ocean is visible in the background under a clear sky. The overall atmosphere is peaceful and idyllic.

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Sung may be so influenced by Hanoi's triumphs that he will attack the South and try to reunite Korea by force.

Yet all this represents something of an overreaction to the events in Indochina. The surrender in Saigon "is not the beginning of the end in Asia," said one ranking State Department official. "The U.S. is still a Pacific power, and we must demonstrate this with our knowledge and feeling."

Singapore's Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew was probably correct when he predicted recently that G.I.s would never again fight a guerrilla war in Asia. Nonetheless, the U.S. Navy and Air Force, plus technology and economic aid programs, will continue to provide plenty of muscle for an active American role in Asia (see map). The shape of the policy, however, will change. Some State Department experts argue that in the future the U.S. should place greater stress on bilateral relations; thus they foresee the eventual fading away of the ineffectual Southeast Asia Treaty Organization.

The new mood at the State Department is to look more closely at Asia's population and industrial centers, natural resources, proximity to sea lanes, and American treaty commitments. By those more searching standards, several countries stand out as having great importance to the U.S.: Japan, pre-eminently; South Korea, whose independence is vital to Japanese security; the Philippines and Indonesia, which have vast resources; and Singapore and Malaysia, which together with Indonesia control the Strait of Malacca, the vital corridor for oil tankers traveling to Asia from the Middle East. Despite U.S. treaty commitments, Thailand and Taiwan are now viewed as being of less importance. No one writes them off, but their political future is being weighed dispassionately. It would not hurt essential American interests if the government in Bangkok were to turn neutralist. Nor would the U.S. be seriously affected if the new regime in Taipei were to reach an accommodation with Peking.

Active Part. In the long term, Washington will probably ask Japan to take a more active—and costly—part in the region's defenses. Even though the postwar constitution explicitly forbids Japan to maintain an army or navy, many observers feel that the world's No. 3 economic power—and the premier industrial country in Asia—should take a more active military role in the Pacific. In order to demonstrate that it is not withdrawing from the Far East, the U.S. may have to undertake some kind of forceful, symbolic action. It will certainly have to maintain its garrison, including the 40,000 men in South Korea.

Having learned in Viet Nam that it cannot forever prop up an unpopular government, Washington will eventually have to put pressure on South Korea's President Park Chung Hee to liberalize his repressive regime. "This may

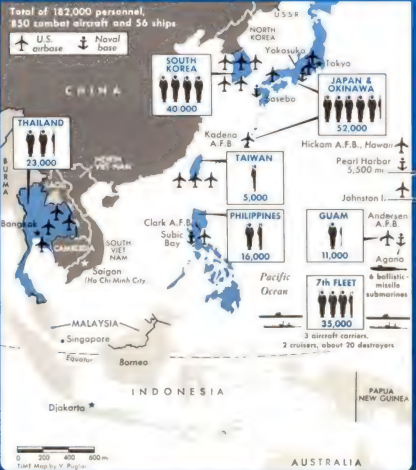
not be the time to press Park publicly," says a State Department official, "but it has to be pointed out to him that it is in his own interest to ease up."

Whether these long- and short-term moves will reassure America's Asian friends remains to be seen. One crucial factor that may soften the adverse impact of Indochina on the U.S. is the Moscow-Peking rivalry. Fearing Soviet influence in Hanoi, Peking may oppose North Vietnamese domination of Cambodia and Laos. Peking may also be uneasy because a complete U.S. withdrawal from the region might tempt the Soviets to try to fill the vacuum. "What will happen if the Soviet Union asks the Vietnamese to use Cam Ranh Bay as a naval base?" asks a senior Washington China watcher. "Remember, that is where the Russians refueled on their way to Japan to fight the Russo-Japanese War of 1904 and 1905." A colleague adds: "The Chinese have been restrained about Indochina developments. They are not all that ecstatic

about the North Vietnamese dominating the region. For the Chinese, the U.S. is a counterweight to the Soviet Union." For the moment, Moscow appears restrained and content to wait for the situation to ripen (see following story).

Cordial Relations. An intensified Sino-Soviet rivalry is still a matter for speculation, however. With conditions in Southeast Asia in such flux, the U.S. cannot really disagree with the advice of Singapore's Lee to the non-Communist nations. They should, he said, establish "correct and, if possible, cordial relations" with the Communist regimes, but they should not give up on the U.S. until the dust has settled, and it is clear what the Communist takeover in Viet Nam means. At least one influential Tokyo paper, the *Asahi Shimbun*, believes that the U.S. may be even stronger with the burden of Viet Nam lifted. "By decisively disengaging itself from Indochina," the paper editorializes, "the U.S. has regained its freedom of action, and will make a new start."

U.S. Military Presence in the Pacific





KREMLIN LEADERS (SECOND FROM LEFT: LEONID BREZHNEV), ATOP LENIN MAUSOLEUM, REVIEW MAY DAY PARADE IN MOSCOW

SOVIET UNION

The View from Lenin's Tomb

As Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev and other Soviet leaders stood impassively on the marble Lenin mausoleum overlooking Red Square last week, loudspeakers boomed out the Kremlin's May Day greeting to the Soviet people. It was the supreme holiday of international Communism, yet not a word was uttered to congratulate the North Vietnamese and the Viet Cong on their overwhelming victory. Among the placards carried by 100,000 Russian workers on their May 1 march, only one referred—obliquely—to the event: "Fraternal greetings to the heroic Vietnamese people," it read. The Communist Party daily *Pravda* was a nonchalant 36 hours late in reporting the news of Saigon's surrender. North Vietnamese diplomats assigned to Hanoi's embassy in Moscow had to seek out Western correspondents for details of their nation's triumph.

Dangerous Source. Officially, at least, no one in the Kremlin was gloating over the debacle of U.S. policy in Indochina. A ranking East European Communist in Moscow told *TIME* Moscow Correspondent John Shaw that "the Soviets are not going to try to humiliate the Americans over Viet Nam. The events speak for themselves—there's no use rubbing it in." Indeed, during the past tumultuous month, the Khmer Rouge conquest of Cambodia and the Communist triumphs in South Viet Nam were reported in the Soviet press with striking discretion. The first official Moscow communiqué on Saigon's fall emphasized that it was primarily a victory for détente rather than for Communism. Said Tass: "A most dangerous source of international tension and military conflict has been eliminated."

To some extent at least, Kremlin restraint in public surely masked private jubilation. Outside of Moscow and Hanoi, no one knows for sure how much military aid the Soviets have given the

North Vietnamese and the Viet Cong, but the total is less than the \$150 billion the U.S. has spent in Viet Nam since 1950. Moreover, the relatively modest Soviet investment in Hanoi's future was made with minimum risk of military confrontation with the U.S. and with loss of only a handful of Russian lives. During the past year, ideologists writing in Soviet party journals have quietly reflected the Kremlin's glee. In addition to the U.S. disaster in Indochina, they have pointed to reverses perceived as signs of capitalist disintegration. They include the setback to Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's peacemaking efforts in the Middle East, the rise of a Marxist-tinged military regime in Portugal, Greece's virtual withdrawal from NATO, Turkey's anger about American policy over Cyprus and the economic crisis facing the U.S., Western Europe and Japan.

Still, bad news for the West is not necessarily good news for the Soviet Union. Analysts in Washington believe that the Russian leaders are sophisticated enough to realize that the Communist victory in Indochina may, in the end, be something less than a total blessing for the Kremlin. As the principal arms purveyor to North Viet Nam, the U.S.S.R. was able to exert a degree of influence on Hanoi that may be difficult to sustain now that the war is over. Moscow is presently fearful of any encroachment by Peking—and with reason. In spite of Hanoi's professed neutralist policy, China's presence on Viet Nam's northern frontier is an undeniable geopolitical fact. Thus the struggle between Moscow and Peking for political influence and economic advantage in Indochina has only begun. As if to underscore centuries of traditional Vietnamese wariness of the Chinese, Hanoi pointedly listed the Soviet Union first and China second in its congratulatory May Day message last week.

There were also intimations last week that the Soviets are apprehensive that U.S. foreign policy reversals could lead to the installation of a new Secretary of State in Washington. If Kissinger could be forced to resign under a cloud, a number of policies with which he is associated would be in jeopardy—notably the Administration's commitment to easing trade relations with the U.S.S.R. Hungry for dollar credits and U.S. technology, the Russians are wary of such potential successors to Kissinger as Melvin Laird, whom they associate with a hard-line policy, and Donald Rumsfeld, who is viewed with suspicion because he has been U.S. Ambassador to NATO.

Renewed Strength. Western economic disarray offers the Kremlin many chances to seize political advantage. Recently, several Soviet leaders have made speeches underscoring the renewed strength of Communist parties in Portugal, Greece and Italy, and pointing to the new political opportunities for the left. In Western Europe there is a growing fear that a number of these parties might come to power. Still, there are dangers to Moscow in an untrammelled rise of the left in Europe. If Communism should prevail in Portugal, despite the party's poor showing at the polls (see story page 36), it could create a backlash elsewhere in Europe, mobilizing anti-Communist forces in France and Italy. Spain, fearful of sharing Portugal's fate, might well seek to join NATO.

In Moscow, reports Correspondent Shaw, there is no inclination to write off the U.S. as hopelessly crippled by its recent setbacks. The Soviet G.N.P. of \$600 billion annually is still only half the American output. "Nevertheless," Shaw cabled last week, "there is a discernibly more confident Soviet estimation of its place in the world. Top Kremlin Theoretician Mikhail Suslov said in a speech that 'the international position of the Socialist community has never been stronger than it is today.' Rhetoric aside, that is probably true."

MEDITERRANEAN

Strong Fleet Without Friends

The mighty U.S. Sixth Fleet was locked out of one of its most important eastern Mediterranean bases last week. In an anti-American decision with potentially grave strategic effect, Greece's democratic government, still angry that the U.S. had once backed the fallen junta and then did not do more last year to prevent the Turkish invasion of Cyprus, withdrew permission for the fleet to use the harbor of Elefsis, 17 miles west of Athens. Set up only three years ago on a lease basis, Elefsis was a home port abroad for the six ships and 1,700 crewmen of Destroyer Squadron 12, as well as for 1,100 dependents who lived ashore. According to the terms of a joint U.S.-Greek statement, Elefsis will be closed and the families out by September; the American airbase at Hellinikon Airport in Athens will also shut down, although U.S. planes may continue to land there to aid Greek defense needs. The future of five other U.S. installations in Greece will be determined at another joint conference in June.

Home-Porting. In response to the announcement, the Sixth Fleet's commander, Vice Admiral Frederick C. Turner, issued a terse statement: "The Sixth Fleet will be able to meet its commitments in support of national policy without home-porting in Athens." In fact, the closing of Elefsis greatly complicates Turner's task. Because Turkey has also been angered by U.S. policy on Cyprus, no ships of the Sixth Fleet have been able to drop anchor in Istanbul or Izmir since February. As for Greece, the last destroyer landing party to go ashore on Corfu was nearly lynched by hysterical Greek islanders. Even in Athens, American sailors' wives and children from Elefsis have been stoned.

The Sixth Fleet still has bases in the

western Mediterranean, notably at Naples in Italy and Rota in Spain. But these are at least three-hours steaming time from eastern waters, a fact that will become even more important next month when access to the eastern Mediterranean is increased after the reopening of the Suez Canal—a herculean chore carried out in part by Sixth Fleet salvage units. All of the 50 or so ships of the Sixth Fleet can be rotated back to Norfolk, headquarters of the U.S. Atlantic Fleet. But that kind of maneuvering would add to fuel costs, already so heavy that ships of the fleet spend much of their time at anchor.

The loss of port facilities in Greece and Turkey also means that the Sixth Fleet has fewer "bingo fields," airstrips ashore to which carrier planes can divert in emergencies or bad weather. In addition, the new political situation creates morale problems for seamen, who will be forced to spend more and more time aboard ship without the chance of seeing their families and without liberty in the foreign ports.

Even with these handicaps, however, the Sixth Fleet continues to be the strongest military force in the Mediterranean. Though the Soviet fleet has made remarkable strides in a decade, and now actually outnumbered the Sixth Fleet (60 ships to 50), its submarines and cruisers still cannot match overall U.S. firepower. TIME's Rome bureau chief Jordan Bonfante recently spent two days at sea with Task Force 60 of the Sixth Fleet and sent this report:

Before dawn, the fuel tanker *Marias* had appeared out of nowhere, like a floating filling station, and the 80,000-ton carrier *Forrestal* danced into place alongside. The two ships cruised ahead,

a scant 140 ft. apart, while the carrier took on engine and jet fuel from two suspended umbilical lines. Meanwhile, three destroyers with the law-firm-sounding names of *Sampson*, *Barry* and *Miller* took turns on the tanker's far side.

With her tanks topped off, the carrier soon swung into the wind and went back to work. The flight deck erupted with the frenetic precision of "launch and recovery," sending up 40 planes, like a parking lot emptying at rush hour: Phantoms, Intruders, Corsair II light attack bombers, as well as ugly-duck Hummers with their absurd-looking radar dishes, vaulted off the catapults with a roar and a swoop, 15 seconds apart. Within minutes, other planes were simultaneously coming in for "recovery," the "controlled crashes," as one flyer put it, that pass for carrier landings.

Martial Arts. On the bridge, Captain James Scott, 48, the *Forrestal*'s skipper and a former fighter pilot, watched the thunderous flight deck activities below with a cheerful scowl: "We can do this with a 200-ft. ceiling and three-quarter-mile visibility," he said in his Alabama drawl. "That's bad-ass. We don't like it, but in a crunch we have that capability, even at night."

It was a typical flight operation at sea and an impressive display of a Sixth Fleet carrier's naval-air talents. The U.S.S. *Forrestal*, with four escorting destroyers, was steering a complicated course between Sicily and Crete, exercising its special martial arts. The Phantoms and Corsairs flew off to drill in interceptor tactics or to make practice runs with dummy bombs and missiles. Electronic-surveillance planes stuffed with microtechnology ranged far and wide on reconnaissance flights. The destroyers darted off or raced back to the carrier according to their own tactical plans. Periodically, tankers showed up to refuel.

The Sixth Fleet is confident that it retains military superiority. For one

AMERICAN ESCORT SHIP DOCKED AT ELEFSIS BEFORE U.S.-GREEK AGREEMENT ON WITHDRAWAL FROM BASES

PAUL VITTORELLI



THE WORLD

thing, the Soviet fleet, powerful as it is, is still regarded as basically defensive; its main weapons are the surface-to-surface missiles targeted on the U.S. carriers. The Sixth Fleet's two carriers—at present the *Forrestal* and the *Roosevelt*—are decidedly offensive weapons, with aircraft that, from positions in the eastern Mediterranean, could penetrate the Soviet heartland.

U.S. naval experts have high respect for the design and firepower of Soviet ships, but the Sixth Fleet has not been standing pat. It has taken on ever more sophisticated landing-guidance and weapons systems, like computerized dive-bombing that allows 20- to 30-ft accuracy from 4,000 ft. It has also refined the all-important and largely secret missile defense for the carriers. The Sixth Fleet commanders are well aware that their carriers are potential floating targets in an age of surface-to-surface missiles; they also feel that their multiple early-warning defense systems are more than capable of shielding their mobile ocean-borne airfields from disaster.

Within the year the fleet's battle-experienced pilots, many of them Viet Nam veterans, will be flying two imposing new aircraft: Lockheed's S-3 Viking, which will be the first antisubmarine jet, and the swing-wing F-14 Tomcat. Grumman's new \$18 million attack plane, which is to replace the effective but aging Phantom.

Stretching the Legs. The Sixth Fleet also boasts amphibious forces, which can land 2,000 combat Marines supported by helicopters and vertical-takeoff harrier planes from small mobile carriers like the *Guam*. Every two months or so, the landing force "stretches its legs" with an amphibious exercise in Spain or Sardinia.

Such scrambles ashore have been interpreted as possible rehearsals for a U.S. invasion of Middle East oilfields in the event of petroleum "strangulation." Sixth Fleet commanders deny that the exercises are anything more than routine. They point out that the amphibious force, after all, is only large enough to "go ashore to protect an embassy" in case of trouble.

"We don't get involved in what our State Department does," says Rear Admiral Forrest Petersen, Task Force 60's commander, when asked about the fleet's potential role in any possible U.S. action against the Middle East oilfields. "We simply stand ready to follow orders." Petersen has no doubt that with the amount of weaponry now assembled in the Mediterranean, a pitched battle between U.S. and Soviet fleets, which no one expects, would be awesome in cost. "A conflict would be pretty bloody, no question about that. An awful lot of people would get hurt," he says. "But I am convinced that we have the capability to meet that threat and still retain the residual force to do whatever else should be required beyond that."



SOCIALIST LEADERS SOARES & SALGADO ZENHA WAVING TO VICTORY CROWD

PORTUGAL

A Matter of Pride—and Prudence

Basking in the euphoria of the country's first free election in half a century, tens of thousands of Portuguese workers took advantage of the brilliant spring sunshine to celebrate May Day in Lisbon's huge outdoor May 1st Stadium. Loudspeakers blared, military helicopters chuffed overhead dropping red carnations, and election posters were plastered on every available inch of wall space. To a casual observer, it might have seemed as if the election had not yet taken place. Not so. It was just that after 49 years of repression—and months of intense politicking—no one could resist one more political show.

There was reason enough to celebrate. The election for a constituent assembly had come off with impressive decorum, unmarred by violence or corruption. The Portuguese could also take pride in the fact that an astonishing 92% of the electorate had turned out to give an overwhelming victory to the moderates. The final tally gave Mario Soares' Socialists the lion's share—38% of the vote and 115 seats in the 247-member assembly. In second place were the middle-roading Popular Democrats, with 26% and 80 seats, while the Communists trailed a poor third, with only 12.5% and 30 seats. The Communist-aligned Democratic Movement won 4% and 5 seats, and the conservative Center Social Democrats 8% and 16 seats.

A few radicals within the Armed Forces Movement tried to play down the significance of the election, but an official military broadcast declared that the armed forces intended to carry out the "national objectives set by the political powers." Otherwise there were few post-

election recriminations. The Communists sought to minimize their poor showing by calling the vote "a victory for the left." Soares, who was dragged out of bed the night after the election by enthusiastic followers to head a procession through Lisbon streets, would have none of that. The Communists, he said, had suffered "a crushing defeat. Something went wrong, very wrong for them." The impressive vote for his party, Soares added, meant that the voters want "socialism with prudence."

Prudence, in fact, will probably prove Soares' wisest course in the immediate future. He is expected to come under pressure from some M.F.A. radicals to form a coalition with the Communists rather than the Popular Democrats. To head off such an attempt, some observers believe he will try to form a triple alliance between the three parties. Nonetheless, the vote was expected to trim the sails of M.F.A. militants. "My guess is that we are in for a period of relative quiet," said a leading M.F.A. moderate last week. "When the elections were over, you could almost hear the sigh of relief within the M.F.A."

Sense of Relief. Throughout Western Europe there was also a sense of relief. Officials in Bonn and London said they would redouble their efforts within the European Community to mount a multilateral aid program to assist the hard-pressed Portuguese economy. The moderates' victory was interpreted as vindication of Europe's "soft line" to Lisbon's leftward tilt. Said one British official: "I dread to think what would have been the results of the elections if [Secretary of State Henry] Kissinger had



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A new 5-speed transmission is yours for the ordering. Equipped with its available 5-speed, 2.3-litre 2-barrel engine and 3.42 axle, the Monza Towne Coupe has been rated by the EPA as follows: 21 miles to the gallon in the city test, 34 miles to the gallon in the highway test.

How's this for economy?

Dressy. Fun to Drive.



owne Coupe



Down underneath, the Towne Coupe is pure Monza. It's a nimble, agile size of car. Special components are plentiful. A torque-arm rear suspension contributes to the smoothness of its ride, for instance. And introducing: The new Delco Freedom Battery. It's sealed and needs no refill. Battery condition indicator is on top. Standard in every Towne Coupe. Some very interesting engineering.



Notice how large the open windows are? The formal vinyl roof is standard. Take your pick of nine colors from Silver Metallic to Mahogany. With even more body colors to choose from—thirteen. The Monza Towne Coupe is not only a very sensibly priced car to start with, it can be a very sensible car to stay with. For the most pleasant surprise you've had in some time, see it and above all drive it, soon. Only your Chevrolet dealer has it.



Chevrolet makes sense for America



Sensibly Priced.

Chrysler: "The Great Getaway"

Pick yourself a spot where you can forget the everyday world and leave boredom behind.

And when you go take plenty of power to get you there and back. Like this Chrysler Funster powered by the famous Chrysler 60, with exclusive Magnapower II ignition. It's dependable. It's powerful. And it's designed simply — for ease of service. Let Chrysler take you out of the ordinary and power your Getaway with engines ranging from 3.6 to the 135. Take your choice and hang it on a Chrysler Hydro-Vee, Runabout, Cruiser, Bass Boat or Sailboat. See them at your Chrysler Crew dealers.



Two more ways to Getaway: Check your TV listing for Chrysler-sponsored "Rustin' Hole" and "Water World."

been allowed to apply his special brand of *Realpolitik*—probably 50 Communist deputies." Kissinger refused comment on the grounds that the election was an "internal matter," but privately U.S. officials said they were pleased by the outcome.

To a large extent, political stability in Portugal will depend on the government's skill in solving the country's economic problems. Unemployment has been aggravated by the return of thousands of troops from the former Portuguese colonies in Africa, and another dismal tourist season like last year's could prove disastrous. Moreover, both Soares and Communist Party Chief Alvaro Cunhal recently stressed in interviews with *TIME* that the biggest problem will be to find the experienced personnel to run the newly nationalized industries. "We don't want to substitute state capitalism for a monopolistic one," said Soares. "That creates a new bureaucracy as in the Eastern [European] countries."

New Constitution. Meanwhile, Soares and other party leaders began preparations for the constituent assembly that will meet later this month to frame a new constitution. Beyond the fact that the parties have already agreed to military supervision for the next few years, the type of government is yet to be decided. The Socialists favor something along the lines of the French model, with a president elected every five years; the Popular Democrats have come out for a Swedish-style democracy, with a council of ministers responsible to a legislature. The Communists have not yet indicated their preference. One way or another, though, the voters have been promised elections for a legislative body next fall—and if the April 25 election is any indication, they have every intention of holding the military to that promise.

ISRAEL

The Soft Sell

Former Defense Minister Moshe Dayan was in New York City; so was Chaim Herzog, Israel's Ambassador-designate to the U.N. Foreign Minister Yigal Allon had been in the U.S. and gone already, as had his predecessor Abba Eban and Itzhak Navon, chairman of the Knesset's committee on foreign affairs and security. Minister of Transport Gad Yaacobi and Minister of Justice Haim Zadok flew in at week's end, while Teddy Kollek, the mayor of Jerusalem, and Supreme Court Justice Haim Cohn were packing their bags. Small wonder if Premier Yitzhak Rabin felt lonely in Jerusalem: some days it seemed that there were more Israeli VIPs in the U.S. than in Israel.

The notable upsurge of visits to the U.S. by dignitaries from the Jewish state was unmistakably a response to the breakdown last March of Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's Middle East shuttle. Although publicly evenhanded, the Secretary and President Ford had allowed that they felt Israeli intransigence was primarily responsible for the collapse of the talks. Thus it was no coincidence that so many Israeli VIPs were in the U.S. conveying the same basic message: that the onus for the failure belongs on Cairo and not Jerusalem.

Israel's propaganda effort is stoutly backed by major Jewish organizations in the U.S., which fear that the Ford Administration may be less favorably inclined toward Israel than its predecessors. In big ads in the *New York Times* and the *New York Post*, the local chapter of the United Jewish Appeal has warned Jews that "the price of silence was the Warsaw ghetto. Bergen-Belsen. Auschwitz. Dachau. Buchenwald ...

Speak now, so that we never again pay the price of silence."

Although the major Jewish organizations are apprehensive about a possible re-evaluation of U.S. Middle East policy that may take place under Ford, they have carefully refrained from directly criticizing the President or Secretary Kissinger. Israeli visitors and diplomats have been equally circumspect, and Israeli Ambassador Simcha Dinitz has praised Kissinger for having done "a superhuman job."

Serious Reaction. "Generally, the leadership of the Jewish community has been trying to act as responsibly as it can under the circumstances," says Bertram Gold, executive vice president of the American Jewish Committee. "It has been trying not to make the Administration the enemy. On the other hand, there is an apprehensive feeling that the Administration's reassessment [of Middle East policy] is being used as a form of pressure on Israel. If 1975 turns out to be the year of intense pressure on Israel, there will be a very serious reaction among American Jews. We will go directly to Congress, and 1976 is not that far away."

That threat of retribution in a presidential election year is underscored by more extreme sentiment on the fringe. One splinter group calling itself American Jews Against Ford has already sent out propaganda handbills. "At this moment of crisis," reads one broadsheet, "American Jewry is called upon to work tirelessly to change the Administration and the kind of thinking that leads to sellouts ... Learn what you can do to assist Kissinger and Ford by joining A.J.A.F."

In Washington itself, pro-Israel lobbying has so far been decidedly soft-sell. Last week a group headed by Rabbi Israel Miller, head of the Conference of Presidents of Major Jewish Organizations, met with Joseph Sisco. Under Secretary for Political Affairs. Later the group talked with 20 Jewish U.S. Representatives. "I think the Jewish leadership is concerned, but it hasn't really got into lobbying yet," says Thomas Rees, a Democratic Congressman from a largely Jewish district in Southern California.

The test—and more intense lobbying—will doubtless come soon. President Ford will meet with Egyptian President Anwar Sadat and Israel's Rabin next month, and only then will the results of the Administration's Middle East reassessment become clear. Ford will also tell Congress what he wants to give Jerusalem in the way of military and economic aid in the next fiscal year. If the money and the diplomatic support are not as much as Israel's friends think it needs—and if the special American-Israeli relationship seems to be weakening—the Ford Administration will probably discover that even the responsible Jewish organizations can talk very tough indeed.

JOSEPH SISCO GREETS RABBI ISRAEL MILLER AT U.S. STATE DEPARTMENT





MALRAUX EXTOLS MICHELANGELO'S ART

He works eight or nine hours a day on Volume III of his *Metamorphoses of the Gods*, and spends his rare moments of rest strolling through his elegant garden in Verrières-le-Buisson with his two cats, named Fourrure (fur) and Essai-plume (penwiper). Still French Poly-math **André Malraux**, 73, took time out to visit the Louvre for a television tribute to Michelangelo in honor of the 500th anniversary of the artist's birth. "Michelangelo invented the hero type. It had not existed before him, and he certainly did not discover it in antiquity, where it does not exist either, despite a well-anchored presumption," said the former Minister of Culture under **Charles de Gaulle**. Then he added gloomily: "There cannot be another Michelangelo in today's society because our faith in man is too weak."

The gun hand may shake and the stride may falter, but good old cowpokes just never quit. After 34 years of movie retirement between them, Cowboy Stars **Roy Rogers**, 63, and **Joel McCrea**, 69, will be riding the range once again this summer in feature-length films. Rogers, who left movies 21 years ago and now runs an Apple Valley, Calif., museum, will star in *Mackintosh and T.J.*, his 90th picture. "There's no leading lady, no shooting, some fights, but no blood spurring, and that's the way I wanted it," he says. McCrea, who left 13 years of retirement on his two California ranches, will return to movies in *Mustang Country*, an adventure set on the Montana-Canada border. "I wake up in the morning wondering why I said yes," he confesses. "I'm torn between hoping it's a hit or a flop. I've decided I'm not going to read any more scripts."

With a marriage breakup of her own, followed by a romantic misadventure with another man, Movie Producer **Julia Phillips** seems somewhat like the leading character in **Erica Jong's** novel *Fear of Flying*. Which may be appropriate, since Phillips has bought the screen rights to the ribald bestseller and will start filming the movie version in August. Phillips, 31, who co-produced *The Sting* with her now estranged husband Michael, shares her rented Beverly Hills home with Actor **Gregory Johnson** and her daughter Kate, 1½. She is considering Actresses **Barbra Streisand**, **Brenda Vaccaro**, **Goldie Hawn** and more than a dozen others for the leading role of Isadora Wing, but has not

made up her mind. She and Screenwriter **Jong** are tempted to give the story a women's-lib climax. "We both want Isadora to get on a plane, fly without fear and leave both men. We want a more exhilarating feeling at the end."

After all those concerts with the blue-jeans set, Singer **John Denver** is finally heading for Tuxedo Junction. For one week in August, the Rocky Mountain balladeer will make his first major nightclub appearance—on the same bill with **Frank Sinatra** at Lake Tahoe. "I've only seen him perform on television, but I've heard others say he wrote the book," says Denver. "I'm looking forward to learning a great deal that week." The branchwater-and-bourbon combination will feature Denver singing to the supper crowd and Ol' Blue Eyes performing at midnight. "There's that lake, all those mountains, and Mister Sinatra," Denver rhapsodizes. "It's far out."

"I've come all the way from Philadelphia to plead my innocence in this case. I am an attorney and will defend myself," said the distinguished gentleman to Indianapolis Magistrate **Philip Bayt**. Few motorists travel 600 miles to fight a speeding ticket (82 m.p.h. in a 55 m.p.h. zone), but veteran Presidential Candidate **Harold Stassen**, 68, assured skeptical court officials that he had no other business in Indianapolis. With Stassen's arresting officer ill and unable to testify, the judge dismissed all charges, and the five-time Republican loser went home with a victory at last.

"I've been an avid professional basketball fan all my life," points out Politician **Larry O'Brien**, 57, newest commissioner of the National Basketball Association. "It came naturally to me because I was born in Springfield, Mass., home of the invention of basketball." O'Brien, a former Postmaster General and ex-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, flopped as a high school forward, however, and admits that his playing time was limited to the local M.C.A. courts. None of this mattered to N.B.A. team owners, who last week gave him a three-year contract and a more than \$150,000 annual salary. Should the N.B.A. risk antitrust problems by merging with the rival American Basketball Association, O'Brien may soon find himself making a play for special legislation from Congress.

Swinging London may have slowed down a bit in recent years, but U.S. Ambassador **Elliot Richardson** has not noticed. "When does the music start so we can get on with the dancing?" he asked repeatedly during a lull in a London disco party given by **Lord and Lady Harlech**. The gathering, held in honor of



JOHNSON & PHILLIPS NUZZLE

PEOPLE



REDDY & RICHARDSON TAKE A TURN

Singer **Helen Reddy's** sell out London concert, attracted Critic **Kenneth Tynan**, Actor **Danny Kaye** and scores of others, but Richardson turned into the star attraction as soon as Lord Harlech's 1930s jazz records began spinning. With his wife Anne away in the U.S. for a visit, the ambassador quickly stepped forward with the guest of honor and began to jitterbug, boogie and foxtrot his way around the dance floor. The British duly took note. Observed the London *Evening Standard* afterward: "Mr. Richardson has a particularly outstanding sense of rhythm and is an energetic and talented dancer in the Fred Astaire mold."

What looked like a blimp in the Macy's parade turned out to be Britain's **Prince Charles** in an inflatable diving suit. Charles, on leave from his duties with the Royal Navy, came to the far

north of Canada, donned insulated swim gear and spent 30 minutes under the ice in Resolute Bay with Joseph MacInnis, a Canadian expert on Arctic undersea life. Charles' eleven-day trip to Canada included dinner with Prime Minister **Pierre and Margaret Trudeau** in Ottawa, a dog-sled ride at Frobisher, and a tour of Eskimo villages, where he ate raw seal liver and musk ox steak. After his icy dive, the game prince adjourned to dinner at a local hotel, where journalists serenaded him with a medley of songs. Not to be outdone, Charles assembled his personal staff and led them in a parody of the old English hymn *Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise*.

*So where, may I ask
Is the monarchy going
When princes and pressmen
Are on the same Boeing?*

"I have one of the great forearms in tennis," suggested Political Trickster **Dick Tuck**. "To strain my arm in this would have been foolish, so I didn't." Tuck's comments were a waggish explanation for his defeat in the *Esquire* Gala Celebrity Mixed Invitational Arm-Wrestling Tourney held last week in Manhattan. While bartenders boosted the spirits of waiting contestants, Actor **Peter Boyle**, Singer **Mac Davis**, ex-Housewife **Pat Loud** and nine others soon joined Tuck in the loser's circle. The women's division championship went to Model **Margaux Hemingway**, whose vigorous gum-chewing may have distracted her opponents. Hemingway's fiancé, Hamburger King **Errol Wetson**, won the men's title. After the competition, he suggested that Hemingway's training program may have given her an edge. Revealed Wetson: "Margaux beats me every night."



PRINCE CHARLES GOES UNDER ICE



HEMINGWAY & LOUD FACE OFF



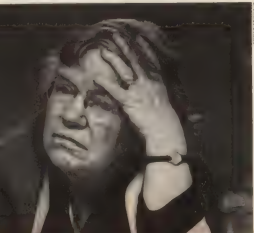
BIOLOGIST JAMES WATSON



BIOLOGIST BARRY COMMONER



ASTRONOMER CARL SAGAN



The Visible Scientist

B.F. Skinner. Margaret Mead. Linus Pauling. Isaac Asimov. Paul Ehrlich. James Watson. What do these people have in common? All are scientists, and their names are more or less household words. They are also included in a group of some 40 scientists* studied by Dr. Rae Goodell, a postdoctoral fellow at M.I.T., for her doctoral thesis at Stanford University's department of communication. She picked them because they have an ability that is rare in the scientific community: to communicate effectively with the public and make headlines.

Goodell's thesis—appropriately entitled "The Visible Scientists"—and made public last week—concludes that it is not their discoveries, their popularization of science or their leadership in the scientific world that makes scientists visible. Rather, it is their public involvement, their "activities in the messy world of politics and controversy."

Thus Paul Ehrlich, an accomplished researcher in entomology (the study of insects), has become well known by speaking and writing about the population explosion. Biologist Barry Commoner is one of the leading spokesmen for the environmental movement. Linus Pauling, who won a Nobel Prize for his explanation of the nature of chemical bonds, is famous as a peace activist and, more recently, for promoting vitamin C as a cure for the common cold. James Watson, the co-discoverer of the structure of life's master molecule DNA became a public figure only after the publication of his book *The Double Helix*, a frank and often unflattering view of how scientists choose and achieve their goals.

Colorful Images. Yet it takes more than making a dramatic stand or picking a controversial issue to make a scientist visible. Most of the scientists that Goodell studied are masters of the art of mass communications and are frequently sought out and publicized by the press. Paul Ehrlich, for example, admits that he is using Madison Avenue techniques to sell the public on halting the population explosion. "If they can sell flavored douches," he says, "we can sell anything." Ehrlich and most of Goodell's other subjects are articulate, can readily translate scientific jargon into understandable English and are at ease in public. In addition, they all share colorful images. Most of them already have estab-

lished reputations within their own disciplines. That, says Goodell, makes them more attractive to reporters who are generally reluctant to use unknown scientists as sources for stories. The average age of the scientists on the list at the time of the study was 59 and only one, Astronomer Carl Sagan, was under 40.

Being visible does not help the scientists' research careers. Other scientists see them, Goodell says, "as a pollution in the scientific community," as publicity grabbers who depart from normal scientific channels to communicate their views. These critics complain that their better publicized colleagues may mislead the public because they often speak outside their area of expertise. Biologist George Wald, a Nobel Laureate and vociferous antiwar spokesman, disagrees. "If the scientist is good," he says, "his field is reality, and that covers an awful lot of ground. I think that the scientist can be that rare, disinterested person who calls it the way he sees it."

No Pictures, Please

In Russia for the final round of joint training exercises for July's space link-up of an Apollo and a Soyuz spacecraft, U.S. Astronauts Tom Stafford, Deke Slayton and Vance Brand visited a site never before seen by Americans: the secrecy-shrouded Soviet space-launch center, located in low, rolling hills some 1,300 miles southeast of Moscow near the city of Leninsk in Kazakhstan.

Last week in Moscow, the astronauts expressed confidence that the joint mission would take place. They noted that the Soviets had two Soyuz craft ready at the space center, one a stand-by that would be launched if the first had technical difficulties. The astronauts also discovered some basic differences between the U.S. and Soviet launch techniques. Unlike U.S. rockets, which are restrained on the ground until close to maximum thrust is developed, Russian launch vehicles leave the pad as soon as they have achieved the minimum thrust needed for lift-off. Also Soviet rockets are aimed to go into orbit from a launch pad that can be revolved into the proper position, while U.S. rockets are electronically guided into orbit after they are airborne.

The Americans also found that their hosts, Cosmonauts Aleksei Leonov and Valery Kubasov, enjoy more luxurious living quarters than U.S. astronauts use at Cape Canaveral. For now, the world will have to be content with the astronauts' verbal descriptions of the little they saw at the space center. The Russians scheduled the visitors' arrival and departure to occur after dark, and requested that they leave their cameras in their hotel rooms.

*Some of the other most recognizable scientists: Jonas Salk, Werner von Braun, William Shockley, Edward Teller, Rene Dubos, Glenn Seaborg, Carl Sagan

Parliament. The recessed filter cigarette.



1. Though some of his designs were patently absurd, inventor Allen Ruben's favorite gadget was his cigarette holder. Because it gave him clean taste.



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It works like a
cigarette holder works.
For clean taste.



Kings: 14 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine
Box: 14 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct '74

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Could an organisation like NATO have a base in Simonstown, South Africa?



The North Atlantic Treaty Organisation is the keeper of peace on behalf of the Western World in the Northern Hemisphere.

But what about Western interests in the South?

Every month, an average of 2,270 ships pass the Cape of Good Hope. In addition to other vital supplies, they carry 20 million tons of oil — of which 90% is destined for Europe.

Since the closure of the Suez Canal the number of ships passing the Southern tip of Africa has more than trebled.

Even with the canal reopened its future is uncertain, and its use in this day of supertankers, limited.

Simonstown, near Cape Town, is the only adequately equipped naval base in the Southern Hemisphere between South America and Australia.

It has a highly sophisticated communications surveillance system covering an area with a radius of 5,000 sea miles.

In this way, we are contributing to the protection of the vital Southern sea lanes.

But should we alone be responsible?

Further information about South Africa can be obtained from: The Information Counsellor, South African Embassy, 9951 Massachusetts Ave. N.W., WASHINGTON D.C. 20005.

35,139 retired people depend on pension checks from Bethlehem Steel



Bob Jenkins's monthly pension check from Bethlehem Steel will arrive as regular as clockwork. Bob owns his home in Bethlehem, Pa. He's a Trustee of the Council, and a member of the Elks. Bob expects "to travel more than I've been able to, visit my two married daughters and their families, and do a lot more of my favorite hobby—bowling."

Bob Jenkins is one of them

Bob Jenkins started at our Bethlehem, Pa., steel plant as a chipper in the billet yards.

When Bob decided last September to retire, he'd advanced to temporary foreman. He was a valuable member of our work force for forty years.

Now Bob's a member of another Bethlehem Steel "family"—our *retirement* family. It's 35,139 members strong at this writing and growing every year. In 1974, for example, 3,521 Bethlehem employees retired and are now receiving their monthly pension checks.

Bethlehem's pension plan was established in 1923 and has been expanded and improved many times since then. In the past 52 years, over \$782,000,000 has been paid to more than 66,500 pensioners. In 1974, our payments to pensioners totaled more than \$105,000,000, including monthly payments made to almost 2,400 co-pensioners and surviving spouses.

In simple terms, the American Dream is to work at the job of your choice, retire, and be financially independent to live in comfort and dignity. Private pension plans, such as Bethlehem's, help to make that dream come true.

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You've earned your stripe



...when you can look forward to being forty.

...for finally admitting to yourself that you take better pictures with your Brownie than with your fancy reflex camera.

...because at a staff meeting you noticed you're wearing unmatched socks, but you put your feet on the desk anyway.

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New York—Chicago—Los Angeles

Signs of Vitality

War, recession, urban decay, pollution—most Americans would judge these to be gloomy times. Not John Fischer, 65, the former editor of *Harper's* magazine and author of its "Easy Chair" column. In his new book, *Vital Signs, U.S.A.* (Harper & Row; \$8.95), he takes an unfashionably optimistic view. He acknowledges the crumbling of old, familiar forms of government—institutions unable to control haphazard growth and its attendant environmental ills. But rising in their place, Fischer found in his travels through the nation, is a surprising number of brand-new forms of government designed to cope with precisely these problems. This largely unnoticed development, he writes, may well represent the "real greening of America."

Reducing Chaos. The new governing units are mainly concerned with planning the use of land in areas that transcend old political boundaries. In Georgia, for example, Fischer traces the rise of a sort of supralocal government that reduced the chaos of 159 competing counties to 18 "development districts." Though each of them can only make plans for its own region, it has considerable political power because it, rather than the state or county, controls the inflow of federal funds. Another kind of confederated government is Minneapolis-St. Paul's Twin Cities Metropolitan Council, which has dealt remarkably well with a complicated mixture of urban-suburban problems, planning everything from mass transit through sewer systems to small new satellite cities. On a larger scale, the Appalachian Regional Commission has helped to improve the economy and environment in the mountain counties of 13 states stretching from New York to Alabama.

Fischer enlivens these success stories with graceful prose and a fascinating cast of characters. The hero of the consolidation of Jacksonville, Fla., where the voters in five municipalities chose to form one central government, is an enthusiastic oligarch named J.J. Daniel, who got his way simply because "he knew almost everybody of consequence in the community." Fischer also writes admiringly about Seattle lawyer James Ellis, a lonely reformer who, by sheer persistence, started a citizens' movement that cleaned up polluted Lake Washington, began a new parks program, and won approval of a mass-transit scheme for the Seattle metropolitan area. Then there is the sprightly Gloria M. Segal, a housewife turned real estate visionary: she wheeled and dealt, assembled 100 acres of land, and then started the new town of Cedar-Riverside near downtown Minneapolis.

If there is a flaw in *Vital Signs*, it is

that Fischer seems to have stopped his research in 1973. Since then, some of his model developments have run into trouble. Work on Mrs. Segal's new town, for example, has been stalled for 17 months by an environmental suit, and nearly all of the planning districts have lost power as the economy slowed down. But the setbacks seem to be only temporary. The times really are producing leaders who have started grass-roots movements to make the U.S. work better as it continues to grow.

Fire Ant Fiasco

The fire ants first arrived in Mobile, Ala., in 1918, hidden in a cargo from their native Brazil. Now they infest at least 133 million acres in nine Southern states from Texas to North Carolina and are slowly spreading northward. They live in open areas (farm land, pastures, even lawns) where they build 3-ft.-high mounds that hinder mowers, plows and other machinery. They swarm over farm animals or people who stumble over the mounds, stinging them viciously. The ants' venom, which can cause coma in allergic individuals, produces the painful burning sensation that gives the ants their name. Despite the undeniable menace of the fire ant, Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz last month announced the end of his department's 13-year effort to control the insect.

Why? Butz blamed the Environmental Protection Agency, which had earlier imposed restrictions on the use of Mirex, a powerful anti-ant pesticide. Starting in 1962, the Agriculture Department had sprayed Mirex from airplanes two or three times annually on infested areas. But in 1972 tests showed that when Mirex was washed into estuaries and bays, it killed shellfish. Experiments at the National Cancer Institute also indicated that it might cause cancer in humans. So the EPA cut the permissible number of aerial sprayings to only one a year and in 1973 began investigations—which are still continuing—to determine just how dangerous Mirex really might be.

Abandoned Pastures. As Butz sees it, limiting Mirex to one application per year made the program "completely unworkable." Agricultural experts in the infested areas seem to agree. "The ants come back every year now," says Halwin Jones, an official in Florida's agriculture department. "It used to be three, four or five years before they'd return." In Lowndes County, Ga., Agent George Kessler reports that farmers this year have begun to abandon pastures to protect their animals from the ants and that "children are having to play inside at some kindergartens to avoid being stung." If the Agriculture Department could concentrate its sprayings, they

imply, the ants would not only be controlled but eradicated.

The facts are more complicated. Every colony of fire ants can produce dozens of winged queens, each of which can fly miles to set up a new nest. Though an application of Mirex might kill 95% of the ants in an area, says EPA Entomologist Sam Fluker, "to get rid of that last 5% might take an additional 100 treatments." In fact, the battle against the ants has yielded so little and cost so much—\$148 million in federal and state funds to date—that Harvard University Zoologist Edward O. Wilson calls it "the Viet Nam of entomology."

For all its deficiencies, Mirex so far is the only practical weapon that has had any effect on the fire ant. Some EPA officials suspect that Butz canceled the program to dramatize what he considers unnecessarily tough EPA restrictions on many different pesticides. At week's end officials of both federal bureaucracies were trying to work out a compromise. They are convinced that they can at least slow the march of the fire ants, which could eventually infest an area extending as far north as southern New Jersey and all the way west to Washington state.

STINGING ANT (INSET) AND VICTIM'S ARM



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Limited Edition Ford Wagon



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Full-size Ford

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MASSACHUSETTS STUDENTS OUTSIDE STATEHOUSE PROTESTING AGAINST CUTBACKS

Budget Cuts: The New Campus Issue

*"Listen to me, Mr. Legislator
man.
I know you're no fool
If you go and cut the budget to
ribbons.
We'll all have to drop out of school."*

So went the chant as University of Massachusetts students demonstrated last week outside the statehouse to protest against projected budget cuts and higher costs. Their sentiment was echoed on several other campuses—including Brandeis, where dissidents occupied the sociology building. Following closely the picketing and the takeover of the administration building at Brown University (TIME, May 5), the protests seemed to establish budget cuts as the major campus issue this spring.

Costs increase. The protest at U. Mass. began after Governor Michael Dukakis announced plans to cut \$11.8 million from the budget of \$118 million requested by the university administration. U. Mass. also announced a room-and-board increase of \$75 a year, to \$1,375. In a series of meetings, U. Mass. students drew up a platform calling for no increase in tuition and fees, no reductions in faculty or enrollment and "full and equal" participation in some university decisions. How the university could meet student demands and still survive financially—in a time of inflated costs, dwindling Government support, less income from gifts and lower values of stock holdings—the students could not say. Still, said one U. Mass. senior, "there are alternatives, and we're

mandating the Governor to find them."

After an unproductive meeting with the administration, the students called a two-day moratorium on classes last week. The first day, about 70% of the university's 22,350 students stayed away from their classes—many of them attending some 40 workshops ranging from "Higher Education and the Current Crisis" to "Lobbying Tactics On Meeting and Talking with Legislators."

Next day about 1,000 U. Mass. students trekked from the main campus in Amherst to Boston for a demonstration on the Common across from the statehouse. Randolph Bromery, chancellor of the Amherst campus, sympathized with the students: "These young people are feeling what their parents are feeling: the economic crunch."

At Brandeis in nearby Waltham, meanwhile, a multiracial group of about 30 students took over Pearlman Hall, the sociology building, and held it despite an injunction ordering them out. They demanded that the university drop plans to cut back its Transitional Year Program (which helps train many poorly prepared minority students for undergraduate work), to reduce financial aid and dismiss some faculty. Brandeis, which has a projected budget of \$32.8 million for next year, is suffering from inflated costs and the recession; this year its income from gifts is \$3 million below projections. If the cuts go through, the students said, Brandeis would "become even richer and whiter," by saving money now spent on programs for black students and by recruiting fewer blacks. It is no accident that the words and tactics of the Brandeis students were similar to those of the dissidents at Brown University; some of the Brandeis

students had driven to Providence to take notes on the protest there.

While most Brandeis undergraduates had mixed feelings about the takeover, Administration Spokesman Jeff Osoff declared that "we won't accede to demands that would amount to \$1.5 million over a balanced budget. We have no intention to negotiate with anyone who is holding a building."

As the budget protests spread to Manhattan, several hundred Hunter College students occupied the office of the dean of students, and some 900 City University of New York students demonstrated against Mayor Abraham Beame's plans to cut \$69.7 million from the school's \$702 million budget proposed for next year. At week's end, a dozen Harvard students, reflecting the mood of minority students on other campuses, began a sit-in at the administration building to protest the university's failure to set up a long-promised black cultural center.

Meditation U.

Rural, placid Fairfield (pop. 8,715), Iowa, is an unlikely home for a university that preaches the virtues of transcendental meditation (TM) and the science of creative intelligence (SCI). Yet in the year since the followers of tiny, beflowered Maharishi Mahesh Yogi started the Maharishi International University on the campus of now defunct Parsons College, the townspeople, at first wary about the newcomers, have not only learned to like them but have even begun to join them.

"The M.I.U. students are almost too

STUDENTS MEDITATING IN IOWA



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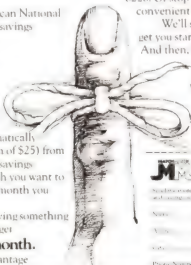
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good to be true," says Real Estate Man Paul Madden. "There are no scantily clad women, no fast cars, no problems whatsoever with drugs or booze." Adds a farmer who lives a mile down the road "These are nice clean-cut kids. They don't fill our ditches with beer cans the way the Parsons crowd did." Impressed, Madden has begun mediating himself. So have Presbyterian Minister Jack Diley, Merchant Lee Gobble and 300 other Fairfields. Gordon Aistrope, the president of a local savings and loan association, says that TM has lowered his blood pressure. He is so enthusiastic, in fact, that he hopes "to see Iowa rise to No. 1 in the number of meditators per capita."

M.I.U. was first organized two years ago by a group of students and professors who had been meditating together in Santa Barbara, Calif. They quickly outgrew their quarters in a converted apartment building and began shopping for a new campus. They finally found a readymade one: Parsons College, which had gone bankrupt in 1973. The maharishi has agreed to buy it from Parsons' creditors for \$2.5 million.

About 500 students now pay \$1,200 a quarter for tuition and board at M.I.U., in return, they get a largely traditional liberal arts education from a faculty of more than 40 (including some with Ph.D.s from M.I.T. and Yale). In addition, they have videotaped lectures by the likes of Buckminster Fuller and Marshall McLuhan.

Fourth State. Everyone on campus, students and staff, meditates at least 20 minutes twice a day. It is not unusual to see students or staff members with their eyes shut in the auditorium or over their lunch trays in the cafeteria. There is also a one-month mandatory course in TM and an introduction to SCI, which the maharishi describes as a general philosophy emphasizing "the infinite, unbounded nature of intelligence." Says Keith Wallace, 29, the school's president: "Beyond waking, dreaming and sleeping, there is a fourth state of consciousness, another realm of experience. What we are saying is that an experience heretofore reserved for men of genius like Einstein can be taught on a mass scale." Dianna Visek, 22, who transferred to M.I.U. after three years of Asian studies at Harvard and Cornell, agrees. "SCI was simply the most powerful theory I had ever encountered," she says. "It's a powerful tool for understanding; it's what I had been looking for."

Wallace says that one purpose of M.I.U. is to develop a curriculum that can be used on the maharishi's planned campuses in Thailand, England, Canada, Norway and France. Last month, on his first visit to the campus, the maharishi urged students to spread the gospel of TM: "The students must go and create an atmosphere of orderliness in the brains of people residing in this state." He then climbed aboard a pink turboprop and flew off.

They Stayed

"It's complete, it's total, it's bye-bye, everybody" flashed the word from the American embassy in Saigon. On this signal, hundreds of newsmen began their helicopter evacuation from South Viet Nam. But not all. Left free by their home offices to decide for themselves whether to go or stay, at least 80 journalists remained to continue reporting the story. Among them were three Americans who had covered the war from the start of U.S. involvement: Bureau Chief George Esper, 42, Matt Franchola, 32, and Peter Arnett, 40, all of the Associated Press. Said Arnett, who won the Pulitzer Prize for his Viet Nam War reporting in 1966: "I was here at the beginning, and I think it's worth the risk to be here at the end."

ABC left behind one correspondent, James Laurie, and a cameraman, Australian Neil Davis; on hand for CBS was former British Schoolteacher Eric Cavallero, who had taken refuge in the network's Saigon office last month. About a dozen British correspondents, along with several Frenchmen and Italians, also stayed. Of the 37 Japanese journalists still in Saigon, a few were there willingly, but most because their American evacuation buses had not shown up. Other non-volunteers were United Press International's bureau manager Alan Dawson, 32, Asian News Editor Leon Daniel, 43, Correspondents Paul Vogle and Charles ("Chad") Huntley and their Dutch photographer Hugo van Es, who were trapped in panicky Saigon crowds and never made it to the evacuation points.

Quiet End. In the first 36 hours after Provisional Revolutionary Government troops entered the city, newsmen moved about without interference, taking photographs and filing dispatches through the wire-service offices. At the A.P. bureau, a Vietnamese who had supplied pictures to the wire service for three years showed up with a Viet Cong friend and revealed proudly that he had been a revolutionary for a decade working as a "liaison with the international press." He thereupon guaranteed the safety of the A.P. newsmen and joined them in a round of Cokes and leftover cakes. Wrote Peter Arnett that night: "I never dreamed it would end the way it did at noon today. I thought it might have ended with a political deal like in Laos. Even an Armageddon-type battle to the finish with the city left in ruins like in World War II in Europe."

Another stay-put journalist, Stewart Dalby of the London *Financial Times*, reported: "I went to speak to some Communist troops heavily armed with grenades and AK47 rifles sitting in a truck outside the old Defense Ministry. They

smiled and waved. All of them were very young." A correspondent from Agence France Presse was also glowing. Within hours of Saigon's fall, he wrote: "I could wander about the streets without feeling any threats, any animosity."

But soon afterward, at 8 p.m. last Wednesday, the P.R.G. cut off all communication with the non-Communist world except, sporadically, via the Japanese embassy. By week's end the victors' handling of the Western press was looking relatively professional. Unlike the unpredictable and still rather unsophisticated Khmer Rouge regime in Cambodia, the well-organized, news-conscious P.R.G. quickly established a



A.P.'s ARNETT WITH ARVN TROOPS IN 1966
Present after the fall.

Saigon press center where all foreign reporters were asked to register and agree to abide by the new government's regulations. After that, they were free to keep their old press passes, roam throughout newly dubbed Ho Chi Minh city and interview P.R.G. officials, though no dispatches or photos were allowed out of the country.

In a skilled public relations move, the P.R.G. also allowed CBS's Peter Kalischer, 60, A.P.'s Daniel De Luce, 63, and his wife, as well as several other foreign newsmen, to visit Danang and Hue via Hanoi and send out eyewitness reports on the return to normal routines in those onetime citadels of American might. Clearly, one phase of press coverage was ending and another had just begun.

Disobedience on Trial

William Wendt is an Episcopal priest who has rarely flinched from trouble or feared innovation. His Church of St. Stephen and the Incarnation in Washington, D.C., has become one of the most liberal Episcopal congregations in the nation, active in the affairs of its neighboring ghetto and experimental in its liturgy. It was hardly surprising, therefore, that after eleven women were ordained in Philadelphia last summer as the first female Episcopal priests, Wendt was the first to open his church to one of them—Australia-born Alison Cheek, who celebrated the Eucharist there last November. Not only had the church's bishops declared the women's ordinations invalid, but Wendt's own

DIANE WALKER



CHEEK, WENDT AT CHURCH TRIAL
Valid but irregular.

bishop, Washington's William Creighton, had issued a "godly admonition" against Wendt's allowing Cheek to celebrate the Eucharist. Last week, as a result of his initiative, Father Wendt found himself the defendant in a rare ecclesiastical trial.

To the 18 priests in the diocese who brought charges against Wendt, the issue is disobedience to the bishop. They fear incipient Congregationalism, in which each local church is autonomous. Wendt, however, hopes that his case "may go down in history as establishing that you can do what you believe to be right, even against the church's orders."

Wendt's defense was led by Lawyer and Lay Theologian William Stringfellow, who harbored Daniel Berrigan in 1970 when the Jesuit was a fugitive from

the FBI. Stringfellow was interested in pursuing what he felt was a vindicating factor in Wendt's action—the validity of the women's ordinations. The national head of the church, Presiding Bishop John M. Allin, who was subpoenaed for the defense, refused to appear; as a result, at week's end he was cited for contempt by the five-judge ecclesiastical court. That left as the star witness his predecessor as presiding bishop, John Hines. When Stringfellow asked Hines his opinion of the ordinations, he replied: "I believe them to be valid but irregular." Hines, however, stated that a bishop can refuse to license an ordained minister to perform priestly functions.

The five judges will now have to decide whether Wendt is guilty. If convicted, he could face ouster from the ministry. His fate is in the hands of Bishop Creighton, who is more likely to issue a reprimand at most, since he did not favor the filing of charges in the first place. Actually, Creighton is so sympathetic to the women's cause that he is practicing discrimination in reverse. Last month he announced that he would henceforth refuse to ordain all males in his diocese until the Episcopal Church opened the priesthood to women.

A Glimpse of Hell

Everybody knows that Billy Graham is a great showman who can fill arenas in most cities of the world, but few realize that the evangelist is also something of a movie mogul. His Burbank studio, World Wide Pictures, has turned out 101 films over the past 25 years, many of them pedestrian one-reelers, some of higher quality. Graham's latest, *The Hiding Place*, which is being previewed in eleven cities this spring, is a totally new departure. A 145-minute color spectacular with two award-winning stars, Julie Harris and Eileen Heckart, it boasts 2,000 extras and a production cost of \$1.7 million.

Earlier Graham feature films were generally fictional sagas of personal conversion, complete with an inserted sermon delivered by Billy. By contrast, *The Hiding Place* is the true story of two pious Dutch Protestant spinsters who hid Jews from the Nazis in their Haarlem home during World War II, and were imprisoned in Ravensbrück concentration camp as a result. The film is drawn from a fast-selling 1971 autobiography of the same title by Corrie ten Boom, one of the sisters. Now 83, she is currently on a speaking tour of the U.S. and Canada.

In the film, an accomplished but little-known Houston actress, Jeannette Clift, plays Corrie. Harris portrays her sister Betsie ten Boom and Heckart a prison trustee. The film was shot last year on location in Haarlem and at an un-

used army camp in England, which was turned into the hell of Ravensbrück, the women's camp where 96,000 lost their lives.

The story is a significant Christian indictment of anti-Semitism, which Graham thinks is currently on the rise and is one reason he wanted to make *The Hiding Place*. "This film shows that some Christians stood up for persons in a minority group, even at the cost of their lives," Graham says. In addition, he forecasts the "possibility of great suffering coming to Christians within a generation. The film shows how God's grace and love can sustain believers in the worst of times."

Ovens' Stench. *The Hiding Place* plunges into perplexing religious issues, such as whether Christians should disobey the state and whether they should lie or steal to further a good cause. Most important is the age-old quandary of the existence of evil. One Ravensbrück inmate taunts Corrie by saying that a God who did nothing after smelling the stench from the extermination ovens must be either powerless or cruel. Corrie's reply is that "the same God that you are accusing came and lived in the midst of our world. He was beaten, he was mocked, and he died on the cross, and he did it for love, for us." But hers is no glib story of faith. Later she prays privately: "Jesus, there are many things I do not understand. Do not let me go mad." Graham has often been criticized for emphasizing personal conversion and avoiding the difficult problems in the Christian life. Few will carp at shallowness in *The Hiding Place*.

HARRIS BEING TAKEN TO RAVENSBRÜCK



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Making Waves

Of all the short-lived "movements" that agitated the surface of art in the 1960s, Op art had the briefest life. What became of all those eye-teasing patterns, those blips and dazzles and other paraphernalia of quick-shot visual illusion? Gone, mostly: either degenerating into unctuously chic décor—as with European artists like Yaacov Agam or, in his late work, Victor Vasarely—or vanishing into that limbo of taste where obsolete experiments go. Today's supergraphics wrap tomorrow's garbage.

Apart from the Venezuelan artist Jesús-Raphael Soto, only one of the painters on whom the Op label was stuck ten years ago seems to have really developed, continuing to produce work of the utmost seriousness. She is an Englishwoman named Bridget Riley, whose first New York show in seven years opened last week at the Sidney Janis Gallery.

Unstable Focus. Precision is its keynote; but then, Riley is an epitome of that, both in her art and in her rigorous, gently ironic address to life. A slender woman of 44, she lives alone, dividing her time between a house in London's Holland Park, a studio in Cornwall ("Cornwall is full of artists and I manage to avoid nearly all of them," she says with glee), and a second studio in the Vaucluse district of Southern France, not far from the ruins of the Marquis de Sade's castle at La Coste. A second-generation Londoner, she has in her family tree a grandfather who worked with Edison on the invention of the light bulb and a great-uncle who was a founding member of the socialist Fabian Society: a background of cold baths and emancipated thought, transmitted to her by a mother whom Riley describes as "well read, unconventional, very much a product of the new world for women of the 1920s, and always willing to rethink attitudes on orthodox or accepted issues."

Not surprisingly, then, Riley grew up untroubled by the ideological flak that now surrounds women's art in America, and rejects the idea of a "feminist" art. "Women's liberation," she declared a few years ago, "when applied to artists, seems to me to be a naive concept."

A decade ago, when she first showed her work in the U.S., Riley's paintings were almost synonymous with visual assault. Black elliptical dots on a white ground, arranged in a grid but turning fractionally to set up an irritating instability of focus; parallel stripes whose wavy motion produced something akin to seasickness. Ever since her art-student days in London, Riley had been fascinated with patterns based on repeated units: the dots in Seurat's paintings,

the balance of delicate strains between Mondrian's squares.

What especially interested her was the way an internal pattern could be made to work against its larger structure—Pisan Romanesque architecture, for instance, in which the complicated inlays and bands of black-and-white marble conspire to deny the overall shape of a façade. This crystallized itself for her one day in Venice in 1960, as she watched a violent rain squall sweeping across the inlaid pavement of a piazza. The drops, filming the surface with water splashes, broke up the stone pattern.

FRANK LERDER



ENGLISH OP ARTIST BRIDGET RILEY VISITING HER MANHATTAN SHOW

A sense of disturbed equilibrium in an ocular gymnasium.

returning it briefly to chaos and instability. Could this breakup not be given an equivalent as painting? It could; and that sense of disturbed equilibrium within what looks like a rigid serial structure was to be the essential "subject" of Riley's work from then on.

Strong Illusion. Riley's paintings, especially the recent ones with their finely tuned ribbons of color, suffer in reproduction: full scale—up to 8 ft. wide—is needed for their effect, which is to deny one's point of focus. You cannot stare at any one point on a Riley for long. It slides away and is lost in the shimmer. A painting like *Shih-Li*, 1975, sets up an undulation of space that one feels as a physical pressure. The illusion is so strong that no act of will can get rid of it.

There is nothing undisclosed in Riley's paintings. All their components are

there, and visible, down to the last small bend of a stripe. There are no accidental effects. Like Vasarely, Riley prefers to have her work done by assistants from a preplanned sketch, with every color shift worked out in advance. Yet the way the paintings work on the eye is unpredictable, and almost baffles analysis. As Art Critic Bryan Robertson put it, "We are creatures of habit and rarely fully stretched. Riley's paintings are alive with potentiality: they disrupt visual complacency and do not provide us with any opportunity for evasion or rest."

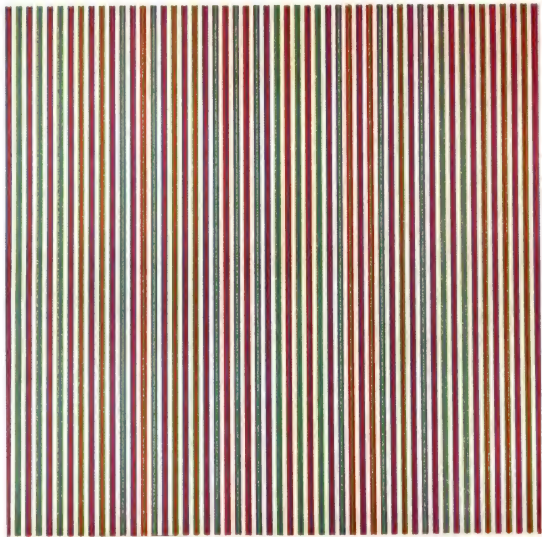
Yet they are not merely an ocular

gymnasium. There is a lyrical side to Riley's work. The color, in particular, is taxingly subtle. It does not woo the eye, but it does present an unexpectedly wide range of situations, from a slow, impalpable, pearly shimmer of greens and grays to the sharp, exhilarating flicker and reversal of green against red against blue in such paintings as *Pagan*, 1973. One is tempted to read Riley's color as light, mixed and reflected in the white spaces between the stripes—but it is a highly constructed, finished sort of light, unrelated to nature. "My pictures need time to develop on the retina," says Riley. "The first contact is always a bit off-putting and abrasive. You have to go with it. It's like taking a cold shower: a shock at first, but then it feels good." What lies on the other side of that shock is, in fact, an unusually generous display of pictorial intelligence. ■ Robert Hughes



"Shih-Li," 1975

"Paeon," 1973



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Rape and Consent

Feminists were rocked last week by a pair of "no-rape" rulings in London and New York. First came word that Britain's highest judges, the five-man Law Lords, had reviewed the convictions of four men who forced a woman to have intercourse. One of the men was the woman's husband and had suggested the idea to his three drinking buddies, warning that she was "kinky" and only "turned on" by struggling. The Lords asked themselves: Can "a man be said to have committed rape if he believed that the woman was consenting," no matter how unreasonable the belief? "I do not think he can," wrote Lord Cross of Chelsea as part of a 3-2 majority. Thus, in theory, a man who believes no means yes cannot be convicted.

Next, a New York judge stated that a man may use any nonviolent means, "even deceit," to get a woman to say yes. Martin Evans, 36, had bedded a 20-year-old woman after telling her he was a psychologist doing research. But, concluded Justice Edward J. Greenfield, he used no violence or threats. Calling Evans "an abominable snowman," Greenfield added, "Bachelors and other men on the make, fear not. It is still not illegal to feed a girl a line." Agreed Evans: "I seduce. I don't rape."

Understandably, many women were outraged at the judges' language, and their view of the male right of conquest. Yet in both cases the offenders fared poorly. Evans was found guilty of escaping from police after his arrest and of trespassing in the apartment that he used. As to the British four, the Law Lords upheld their convictions, saying that the jury had enough evidence to conclude that the four did not really believe their victim meant yes.

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Appearance of Evil

Florida is suffering a fire storm of scandals. Indictments and investigations are now pending against dozens of public servants, including former U.S. Senator Edward Gurney. Sadly, the judiciary offers Florida's citizens no comfort: the seven-man supreme court has been hit hardest by the scandals. Last week the third justice in little more than a year quit under a cloud, and a fourth may face impeachment. It was by far the worst series of court disgraces since 1965, when four members of the nine-judge Oklahoma supreme court were implicated in fixes and bribes.

Nothing has been revealed about Chief Justice Vassar B. Carlton's sudden resignation in January 1974, though he was then under investigation by the state's judicial qualifications committee. A second resignation involves a proposed opinion in a utilities case: the opinion was prepared by one of the companies' lawyers. Justice Joseph Boyd says that the draft opinion just turned up in his house after a visit by the lawyer. A copy also went to Justice Hal P. Dekle, who used it in writing a preliminary majority opinion that favored the utilities; the opinion was never issued. A court-appointed investigative panel condemned the "appearance of evil," but only recommended that Boyd and Dekle be reprimanded. Unsatisfied, a committee of the legislature began considering impeachment. Dekle quickly resigned; action is still pending on Boyd.

Not Bought. Meanwhile, the committee became interested in rumors about the propensity of Justice David McCain to rule in favor of Attorney Joseph D. Farish Jr., who actively supported McCain's campaign for the court. In nearly every case he has heard involving Farish clients, McCain voted their way.* One winning client testified that Farish advised her to lie about an illegally unreported \$1,000 campaign contribution to McCain. Other evidence indicated that McCain once had an aide investigate grounds for appealing a lower-court decision against a Farish client, then voted for the client when the appeal reached the supreme court. The committee unanimously recommended McCain's impeachment, and he resigned last week.

In the midst of all this, reporters discovered that new Chief Justice James C. Adkins had headed off censure of his excessive drinking by agreeing in writing to go on the wagon. Despite the general debacle, Adkins in his annual state of the judiciary address boasted: "Your justices can neither be bossed, bluffed nor bought." Floridians hope that is true of the ones who are left.

*In one, McCain was part of a 4-3 majority voting to hear a case that led to the reinstatement of a \$100,000 libel judgment against TIME on behalf of Socialist Mary Alice Firestone Asher. The decision is now under review by the U.S. Supreme Court on grounds unrelated to the scandal.



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SUTHERLAND IN LOCUST RIOT



KAREN BLACK REVELING



ability to make human even the most grotesque mockery. The novel, a series of interrelated sketches, does not have the strong narrative that lends itself best to film adaptation. So this movie has trouble finding a focus. The protagonist is Tod Hackett (William Atherton), an aspiring artist who works in the production department of a major studio. Hackett also nourishes a private vision of cataclysm, which he wants to get on canvas and call *The Burning of Los Angeles*. It is good to know this in advance, for although Schlesinger shows Hackett making sketches and studying faces, it is never clear just what he is working on. The film, like the book, ends with a riot at a movie premiere. Before Hackett's eyes, the scene becomes the painting. Since we do not know much about the painting, or about its meaning to Hackett, this tends to make the whole climax superfluous.

Hints of Crisis. In fairness, Schlesinger seems to be after something else. All through the movie he has inserted references to the coming crisis in Europe: headlines in the newspapers and newsreels of Hitler tell of war. But such hints are not especially well integrated; their necessity is questionable—until the premiere, when Schlesinger turns the riot into World War II.

The event is skillfully and elaborately staged, but wildly overwrought. The announcer at the premiere is made up to look like Hitler, and his excitement drives the crowd to greater excesses of violence. It moves like a marauding army. Not only are people trampled and windows broken, but fires start, telephone poles fall, and Hollywood Boulevard seems to shake. West's modest riot was more effective than Schlesinger's whole set piece. But this silly cameo of World War II is perfectly in order for a movie so far out of control.

The personal dramas in *The Day of the Locust* are so sour and abject that one understands why Schlesinger ended the film with such a desperate flourish. All the characters from the book are here: Homer Simpson (Donald Sutherland in a fine performance), the bogged Midwesterner whose hands, West said, "had a life of their own"; Harry Greener (Burgess Meredith), a busted-down vaudevillian whose daughter Faye (Karen Black) is the sort of teasing, in-temperate beauty who slaughters men with a smile. Karen Black is a bothersome actress at best, strident and sloppy; she does not even have what acting schools call "the physical apparatus" to be sensual. Faye represents another hopeless dream whose vulgar impossibility is supposed to make her, like Hollywood itself, all the more seductive. She must be ruinously alluring; Black merely looks wrecked.

Nothing is right here, except for

The 8th Plague

THE DAY OF THE LOCUST

Directed by JOHN SCHLESINGER

Screenplay by WALDO SALT

Hollywood making a movie out of *The Day of the Locust* is like the Lilliputians mounting a production of *Gulliver's Travels*. The scale is off; the distance is wrong.

Nathanael West's cool, cruelly funny novel, first published in 1939, has become a classic vision of the heart of Southern California. West, who did some screenwriting himself, knew the raw fringes of the movie world. He saw the kind of anxiety that led people to Los Angeles and the gaudy madness that was nurtured there. He used Los Angeles, and particularly the tawdry glamour of Hollywood, as a perfect metaphor for the screaming end of many poor dreams of glory. West wrote with fury, but without rancor or condescension. "It is hard to laugh at the need for beauty and romance, no matter how tasteless, even horrible the results are," runs the novel's most famous passage. "But it is easy to sigh. Few things are sadder than the truly monstrous." By that standard, John Schlesinger's film is nothing less than a tragedy.

Synthetic Desperation. Schlesinger and Screenwriter Waldo Salt collaborated previously on *Midnight Cowboy*, and *The Day of the Locust* has much the same mood of sentimental surrealism. Both films treat rather bizarre subjects in a comfortably slick fashion, so that nothing becomes very real or threatening. All decadence is decorative, all desperation synthetic. *The Day of the Locust* looks puffy and overdrawn, sounds shrill because it is made with a combination of self-loathing and tenuous moral superiority. This is a movie turned out by the sort of mentality that West was mocking.

Salt's adaptation follows West's novel closely in most of the plot details. It misses what is most crucial: West's tone of level rage and tilted compassion, his

MARY ELLEN MARK

RIOT VICTIMS LINE STREET

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CINEMA

Sutherland and a quiet scene where he sits in a garden chair, almost sleeping in the sun, listening to oranges fall from a tree. He is waiting to die. It is all in his face, conveyed by Sutherland with the fine subtlety the rest of this movie so flagrantly lacks. It is Faye's face that is emblematic of *The Day of the Locust*—twisted, false and clumsy, a death mask made of Silly Putty. ■ Joy Cocks

Cold, Cold Ground

MANDINGO

Directed by RICHARD FLEISCHER

Screenplay by NORMAN WEXLER

Most of the suspense in *Mandingo* is generated by the unconscionable amount of time it requires for the blonde mistress of Falconhurst to invite into her bed the handsome black slave (Ken Norton) her husband purchased to improve the breeding stock down in the quarters. Until this moment we cannot be certain that the movie is going to employ every cliché of antebellum melodrama. The possibility that the perfection of its tastelessness will be marred through oversight or the impulse to provide novelty through omission is an irritant. There is great relief when, at last, our heroine (Susan George) succeeds in bending Norton's innocence to her evil will.

Not that anyone is likely to be bored while the film is building up to this climactic vulgarity. Writer Wexler and Director Fleischer treat us to gaudy depictions of all the evils in the Old South that we have learned to know and loathe. We have scarcely settled into our seats before Falconhurst's Young Massah is venturing across the color line to find true sexual happiness. Floggings, hangings, slave auctions and gory combats follow in quick succession. There are sadistic assaults on prepubescent black girls and a good deal of bother about incest. James Mason, as the plantation's Old Massah, must spend much time with his bare feet pressed into a prostrate black child's naked stomach because the doctor has assured the old man that this is a sovereign cure for his rheumatism. In the end all the white principals are required to exterminate one another in expiation of their sins. The final bloodbath is depicted in the same vulgar manner used to present the indignities suffered by the blacks.

If *Mandingo*'s makers had permitted themselves even a moment of genuine feeling, a single honest insight into the historical conditions they pretend to examine, they might have destroyed the distance their hack mentalities place between film and audience. As it is, derision finally gives way to numbness. There is not the slightest danger that this animated comic book can do anyone, of any race, any harm—unless Mel Brooks is looking to the Old South for his next subject. ■ Richard Schickel

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TIME, MAY 12, 1975

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Sales Production	1,705,742,082
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Income	
Premium	201,835,785
Investment (net after investment expense)	91,624,338
Total Income	313,418,119
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BESSMERTNOVA & VLADIMIROV IN THE BOLSHOI'S *IVAN THE TERRIBLE*

MUSIC & DANCE

Ivan Is Terrible

Moscow's massive Bolshoi Ballet approaches the great classics of dance—*Swan Lake*, for example, or *Giselle*—as if they were museum pieces on the move, as many of them are. The Russians' excessive awe of tradition can be a hindrance when it comes to creating new choreography. A striking case in point is Yuri Grigorovich's *Ivan the Terrible*, which was given its American premiere at Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera House last week by a large touring company of the Bolshoi. Grigorovich is probably the Soviet Union's finest classical choreographer, and the two-act ballet is his first original work for the Bolshoi in nearly seven years. Yet *Ivan* is, well, terrible.

Like Sergei Eisenstein's film classic—the score is based largely on Prokofiev's music for that movie—the ballet is an episodic, ponderously romanticized narrative about Czar Ivan IV, a madman and a tyrant, Ivan fought the feudal boyar nobles as well as invading enemies and managed to unite Russia during the 16th century. There are scenes evoking his struggle with the nobles, lyrical moments of happiness with his first wife, Anastasia, plotting by the boyars and the duplicitous Prince Kurb-

sky, who tries to destroy Ivan by poisoning his queen. After her death, the Czar's madness grows, and with it his use of the dreaded *oprichniki* (a primitive kind of secret police) to suppress both boyar and peasant revolts. Ivan's Stalinoid cruelties have always represented something of an ideological embarrassment to the Kremlin. Grigorovich, in a program note, argues unconvincingly that the real heroes of the ballet are the Russian people, "who withstood all the ordeals, survived and emerged victorious."

Beyond Caricature. In fact, the real heroes are the Bolshoi dancers, who survive Grigorovich's overly athletic, cliché-ridden choreography with amazing *élan*. The crowd scenes, whether they involve battles, conspiring boyars or rebellious peasants, are confused and repetitive, and pale in excitement by comparison with the kind of dashing maneuvers performed by Russia's folkish Moiseyev company. Every grimace and gesture seems aimed broadly at viewers in the last row of the top balcony. Naturally, the boyars are evil beyond the point of caricature; the peasants are simple and good.

As Anastasia, Natalia Besmertnova—one of the most lyrical ballerinas in the world—has little to do but flutter

her graceful arms and look demure. The only multidimensional character is Ivan, a role danced at the premiere by Yuri Vladimirov. An extraordinarily lithe actor with a frazzled mane and long simian arms, Vladimirov in his mad scenes looked oddly like a bemused orangutan who had suddenly been set loose from a zoo. That effect was heightened in the ballet's unintentionally ludicrous climax, when the paranoid Czar, hopelessly entangled among bell ropes, dangles above a crowd of foot-stomping peasants.

Many of the Soviet ballet stars who have left home for the West in recent years have complained not about political repression but about the frustrating paucity of good new choreography suitable for their talents. To be sure, most of the defectors come from Leningrad's Kirov Ballet rather than the Bolshoi. The wonder is, though, that they have not been joined by a veritable mob of refugees from the Moscow company, if this dinosaur of a ballet is the best new material they get to perform. ■ John T. Elson

What Ever Happened to Rubina Flake?

Like many another piano student, she logged the requisite thousand hours before Carl Czerny's yellow-backed exercise books. But while Roberta Flack labored over knuckle-aching third and fourth finger trills, Rubina Flake—a daydream twin invented in early childhood—polished off Chopin concertos. At 13, Flake played the complete score of Handel's *Messiah* for her church choir. In her early 20s, she became a serious opera student. At that time Flake, presumably, was a diva at the Met. It came as no small blow then when Flake's vocal coach gently suggested a pop singing career.

Second-decade rockers were dealing in primal screams in 1967 when Roberta Flake came along with her sweet, sensuous voice, an authentic light among trays of crackerjack sparklers. Flake turned *The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face* (1972) and *Killing Me Softly with His Song* (1973) into blockbuster hits. She began collecting her four gold singles and two gold albums. By the end of 1973 she had won a pair of Grammy awards. But one day, glancing at a copy of her album *First Take*, she realized suddenly that "I could not go through life playing *First Time Ever*."

Her career was at its peak. Yet, reversing the ambition of those opera singers who long to perform in nightclubs, Flake yearned for her classical roots. "One of the hassles of being a black female musician," she says, "is that people are always backing you into a corner and telling you to sing soul. I'm a serious artist. I feel a kinship with people like Arthur Rubinstein and Glenn Gould. If I can't play Bartók when I want to play

Bartók, then nothing else matters." She adds, "It doesn't make me very popular in certain communities."

After the five-year monotony of one-night rock stands, Flack was becoming ill. Successful or struggling, a musical performer's life is lonely and difficult. "All of a sudden you get that rush of 20,000, 30,000, 50,000 people—THAT WORLD. All these people love me, you think. Then you're back in a hotel room by yourself in Missouri, your stomach hurts, and your humanness just overwhelms you." Flack had an epic case of growing pains.

An Old Habit. She decided to pause. That pause extended into a 15-month intermission while she plunged into a surge of demanding musical activity. She studied classical composers—Bach, Scriabin, Rachmaninoff. Scornful of record producers with eyes for trends but with unschooled ears, Flack decided to produce her own album. She booked studio time, hired musicians and arrangers, and passed out W-2 forms, even struggling to learn to operate the engineer's console. It took over a year to complete the record, and Flack says that she will never do all that again. She is confident that her new album, *Feel Like Makin' Love* (Atlantic), which lists Rubina Flack on the keyboard, on background vocals and as producer, is her best LP yet. But it is possibly too elaborate: the orchestrations have more Rachmaninoff than most of the simple songs can support.

Flack, 36, feels like performing now. She recently concluded a highly successful six-week tour of the West Coast, Hawaii, Japan and Australia. Divorced from Bass Player Steve Novosel, she reluctantly concludes that for a woman marriage and a stage career are incom-

patible. "You can be in love, you can't help that. You can have children," says Roberta, who has an adopted twelve-year-old daughter of her own. "But women artists who marry spend all their time arranging. Even if they can manage cooking dinner and practicing, their art suffers. They fail a little in both roles."

Success is an old habit with Flack.

The exterior of soft susceptibility is misleading. She is a stubborn perfectionist. The woman who is one of the leading pop stylists of the decade is now learning Bach arias for future records: "I can share with the audience the way I feel through Bach as well as pop." Flack cautions tartly, "You better not be surprised if you hear me do *Manon Lescaut* some day."

THE THEATER

His Own Man

GIVE 'EM HELL HARRY!
Assembled by SAMUEL GALLU

One-man shows depicting famous men have become something of a vogue in recent years. James Whitmore is an accomplished hand on this circuit. For several years he toured in *Will Rogers U.S.A.* and delightfully evoked that pithy homespun humorist. But *Rogers* might almost be called a watercolor sketch compared with his *Give 'Em Hell Harry!*, which is as masterly as a fine portrait in oils.

The challenge is a bit awesome, for unlike the other famous portrayals, Truman is close to us in time, and had by far the most public exposure. An audience would quickly detect anything spurious or stacy in the performance. The acid test has already been passed, for after seeing Whitmore at Washington, D.C.'s Ford's Theater, Margaret Truman Daniel gave him her enthusiastic endorsement. Ending a sellout three-week engagement at Ford's, the show will go on to Memphis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle.

Whitmore seems uncannily like Truman. As the curtain goes up, the first impulse is to gasp. Whitmore gets all the personal gestures right: the cock of the head, the grin as big as the American flag, and the brisk, soldierly movements of the arms and body. He goes on to embody the man's character and personality.

Grip on Destiny. His Truman is spunky, combative, resilient, profanely funny, fundamentally honest, profoundly patriotic, and vulgar in the best sense that is, of the earth, earthy. Amazingly, Whitmore captures the mystique of the presidency and the rock-hard reality of making final decisions. One actually does believe that this is the Truman who ordered the atomic bomb dropped, met with Stalin and Churchill as peers, initiated the Marshall Plan, and fired Douglas MacArthur. He reminds us almost too vividly of a time when both the individual and the country had a better grip on their destinies than they have had since.

Some of the playgoers who attend *Give 'Em Hell Harry!* will leave the theater with the misconception that they



JAMES WHITMORE AS HARRY S. TRUMAN
A grin like the flag.

have been moved and gripped by a matchless counterfeit of reality. That is not the way theater works. On the stage, the inner eye transcends the camera eye. The theater's only meaningful triumphs are triumphs of illusion and not replication. After the curtain rises and the houselights dim, Harry Truman is no more real in theatrical terms than Hamlet or Willy Loman or Blanche DuBois. To enthrall an audience into a willing suspension of disbelief is the most arduous task, and that is the finest phase of James Whitmore's remarkable achievement.

■ T.E. Kalem

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Divorced. By Maggie Smith, 40, willowy English Oscar winner (*The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*) and this Broadway season's blasé, acid-tongued divorcee in Noël Coward's drawing-room classic *Private Lives*: Actor Robert Stephens, 43; on grounds of Stephens' adultery, after eight years of marriage, two children; in London

Died. John B. McKay, 52, steel-nerved NASA test pilot, whose flights on the experimental X-15 rocket plane in the early 1960s helped lay the groundwork for later Mercury and Apollo space programs; of complications of injuries suffered in 1962, when his X-15 crash-landed so severely that he lost an inch of height as his spine compressed on impact; in Lancaster, Calif

Died. Queen Mother Sisowath Kossamak of Cambodia, 73, mother of Prince Norodom Sihanouk; of apparent heart disease; in Peking. The statuesque, domineering Kossamak was her loyal son's chief adviser, beginning in 1941, when the 19-year-old prince ascended the throne. For a decade after the death of her husband King Norodom Suramarit in 1960, Kossamak reigned as Cambodia's "Supreme Guardian" while her son acted as chief of state. Following the 1970 coup that ousted Sihanouk and abolished the monarchy, Kossamak, her health failing, was held under virtual house arrest for three years before being allowed to join Sihanouk in exile in Peking. Her deepening illness clouded Sihanouk's recent victory celebrations and delayed the return home of the newly appointed lifetime head of the Khmer state

Died. Richard H. Rich, 73, former president of one of the South's largest department-store chains; following heart surgery; in Houston. Grandson of the founder of Rich's department store in Atlanta, Rich became its president in 1949, expanded to 21 Rich and Richway Stores in three states. He was responsible for such innovations as cash refunds on virtually any goods returned to Rich's—even years after its purchase

Died. Sir Godfrey Driver, 82, Oxford University biblical scholar who headed the New English Bible's team of Old Testament translators for more than two decades; in Oxford. One of the most significant revisions of Holy Writ in this century, the N.E.B. is marked by lucid and often majestic prose that eliminates archaisms such as "thee" and "thou" unless characters are addressing the Deity. One exception: in the prologue to *Job*, Satan casually greets God with the familiar "you." Explained Translator Driver: "Satan is the Devil, and is allowed to be bumptious."

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ENERGY

Moving to a Showdown

The long struggle between the White House and Congress over national energy policy moved closer to a showdown last week. After waiting out a fruitless two-month truce to give the House and Senate time to wrap up an acceptable package of energy legislation, President Ford ordered a phasing out of Government price controls on U.S.-produced oil over the next two years. The move could more than double the price of about two-thirds of the nation's oil output—a prospect that is anathema to many of the Democrats, who hold commanding majorities in both House and Senate.

At the same time, Ford made a conciliatory gesture aimed at keeping alive negotiations between the Administration and Congress. He agreed to put off for up to a month a doubling of the \$1-per-bbl. tariff on imported oil that he im-

posed in February. But that is the less important of the two administrative actions that the President has been considering: the lifting of price controls on domestic oil would ultimately be far more costly to consumers.

Either house of Congress can block the proposal by majority vote, and the Senate, acting with unusual speed, has already passed by 47 to 36 preliminary legislation that will help do just that. A similar measure is expected to clear the House, possibly as early as next week. Democratic Senator Henry Jackson of Washington called Ford's proposal "inflation on the installment plan and rationing by prohibitive prices." Indeed, the President's order collides head-on with a bill already passed by the Senate that not only extends price controls of most domestic oil but in effect provides for some small rollbacks.

The first showdown is likely to come in about three weeks, when the Federal Energy Administration will try to put into effect the first phase of decontrol. Even if the White House should win the initial test, the stage has been set for a whole series of possibly disruptive confrontations between the President and Congress. Reason: legally, Ford has to resubmit his decontrol proposals to Congress every 90 days. That provision, says Federal Energy Administrator Frank Zarb, would give "Congress a continuing bite at the apple."

Under present law, "old" oil is price controlled at \$5.25 per bbl. Old oil is defined as the amount of crude a well pumped month by month in 1972; any amount produced over that level is considered "new" oil and is not controlled. Under Ford's order of last week, 4% of the old oil would be freed from control each month; over two years or so its price would presumably shoot up to the world price of about \$11 per bbl. Zarb estimates that decontrol would eventually add about 5¢ per gal. to the price of gasoline. The prices of heating oil, industrial fuel and all other petroleum products would be pushed up too. Senator Jackson figures that decontrol would ultimately add \$250 a year to the energy bill of a typical U.S. family.

A Little Time. Controversial as the decontrol plan is, Ford has at least avoided an immediate clash with Congress by delaying for a month the scheduled \$1-per-bbl. increase in the tariff on imported oil. In February the President imposed the first \$1-per-bbl. tariff and planned to raise it by another \$2—\$1 in March, another \$1 in April. Congress swiftly passed a bill temporarily suspending the President's authority to post

the increases. Ford vetoed the bill, but struck a compromise: he would defer adding the second dollar until May 1. As that deadline approached last week, it was clear that if the President boosted the tariff, Congress would dust off the vetoed legislation and try to override him. If nothing else the President's delay gives both sides a little more time to work out some compromise.

Best Mix. But not much room for compromise is visible, the White House and the Democratic congressional majorities differ deeply not just on details but in their philosophical approach to the problem of holding down imports and making the U.S. less dependent on foreign crude. The President would like to rely almost exclusively on higher prices and taxes to dampen demand for oil and encourage production of more domestic petroleum. Generally, the Democrats favor reducing fuel consumption by conservation measures and some form of Government allocation. But the Democrats are so deeply divided on the best mix of measures that their progress toward drafting any energy legislation has been tortuously slow.

The House Ways and Means Committee, under Democratic Chairman Al Ullman, has agreed to an initial increase in federal taxes on gasoline by 3¢ to 7¢; as much as 20¢ more could be added in April 1977 if gas consumption climbs 3% or more above the 1973 level. The committee is still struggling to find agreement on import-quota levels, a windfall-profits tax for the oil industry and a levy on industrial petroleum use. Last week, to Ullman's discomfort, the committee voted down several proposals to place stiff taxes on the sale of gas-guzzling cars. The House commerce subcommittee has been even more bogged down. Among other things, it has yet to decide how, or even whether to approve a plan that would decontrol the price of oil far more gradually than the proposal that the President has offered.

The consequence could conceivably be a stalemate in which Congress would block decontrol and/or a tariff boost, but be unable to produce any legislation that Ford would accept. That would probably result in a political orgy of finger pointing and leave the nation with no energy policy at all. There seems to be little public opinion push for any. A private poll that the FEA has had taken regularly for the past year or so shows that a majority of those questioned would prefer even some kind of rationing to higher energy prices. But another of the poll's findings offers what could be an insight into Congress's dawdling. Of those questioned, 52% put unemployment at the top of their worry list, 25% were primarily concerned about inflation, and only 12% thought that energy was the main problem.

ZARB EVANGELIZING FOR LOWER IMPORTS





MONTAGE OF PRODUCTS THAT ARE PRICE-FIXED UNDER NEW JERSEY FAIR-TRADE LAW

INFLATION

Fighting the Regulatory Fiefdoms

For nearly seven months, the Ford Administration has been calling for a revamping of the nation's inefficient federal regulatory system. Its argument is that freer markets and increased competition could lead to lower prices or better service in more than half a dozen heavily supervised industries, including airlines, railroads, trucking, natural gas, banks and utilities. White House free-marketters have lambasted such alphabet agencies as the CAB, ICC and FTC for acting as guardians of the businesses they are supposed to regulate. They have urged the creation of a national commission on regulatory reform, a sweeping proposal that has so far won little support in Congress and, predictably, even less from the agencies themselves. Undeterred, the Administration is now plugging away at a more modest program of regulatory reforms and making slow but discernible progress.

In a speech before the U.S. Chamber of Commerce last week, President Ford assailed regulations that may be adding "billions of unnecessary dollars to business and consumer costs every year" and voiced support for pending legislation that would ease the inflationary impact. Among Administration-backed proposals that now seem likely to get attention from Congress

► A bill that would allow railroads to adjust their rates up or down by as much as 40% without ICC approval. If railroads are given this authority, some might cut rates, but probably by much less than 40%.

► Legislation that would give airlines and truckers less governmental protection against competition from new firms entering their industries, plus inducements to merge for greater efficiency and permission to alter some rates without CAB or ICC approval.

► Revision of the 39-year-old Robinson-Patman Act, which prevents manufacturers from giving price discounts to large retailers unless they can

prove them to be economically justified and sets standards of proof that are almost impossible to meet.

► Repeal of two federal statutes that have enabled 36 states to enact misnamed Fair Trade laws. These laws permit manufacturers to set minimum retail prices on nationally advertised merchandise; they prevent storekeepers from discounting prices on products ranging from bow ties to TV sets. Sweeping such laws away would save consumers \$2.1 billion annually, estimates Republican Senator Edward Brooke of Massachusetts, chief sponsor of the federal repeal bill.

Easiest Battle. Prospects for repeal of Fair Trade laws are bright: some states are moving toward repeal on their own. A far tougher fight may have to be waged against alphabet agencies that have become highly independent fiefdoms. So far, White House strategy has been 1) to urge these bureaucracies to weigh the inflationary consequences of their decisions and 2) to maneuver for greater price competition within the existing rules rather than press for outright de-regulation of entire industries. Later this spring, Ford plans to preach price-consciousness to the heads of the ICC, CAB, FCC, FTC, SEC, FMC, NRC (Nuclear Regulatory Commission), CFTC (Commodity Futures Trading Commission) and the CPSC (Consumer Product Safety Commission).

Unfortunately, Ford has coupled these worthwhile campaigns with open opposition to creation of a federal consumer-protection agency. His theory is that current bureaucratic excesses cannot be cured by forming yet another bureaucracy. Even so, the proposed agency for consumer advocacy stands a good chance of being set up by Congress in 1975, after five years of debate. One reason: it could lobby for the consumers' interest before the very regulatory agencies that the White House rightly accuses of neglecting that interest.



BUDGET

Restraint for Now

In the past, Congress has always passed its spending proposals willy-nilly, without bothering to add up the budgetary totals. This year for the first time Congress is voting on its own budget proposals as a whole, in obedience to the Congressional Budget Act of 1974. Last week, after months of study and debate, the Senate voted a \$365 billion ceiling on spending and a \$70 billion deficit for fiscal 1976, which begins July 1. The House proposal was only slightly different: \$368 billion in spending but also \$70 billion in red ink (the House guessed more in revenues than the Senate).

The intent of the Budget Act, which actually will not go into full force until 1976, was to make Congress more responsible in money matters. So far, it

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

seems to be working. Though the congressional deficit figures are higher than the \$60 billion that President Ford regards as a tolerable limit, they are within the range that most economists think can be handled without touching off a ruinous competition between the Treasury and private corporations for borrowed funds. Despite strong pressures for additional spending on anti-recessionary proposals, the Senate finally accepted the recommendations of its Budget Committee for such programs as the \$9 billion recovery-program amendment sponsored by Minnesota's Democratic Senator Walter Mondale. By a squeaker vote of 200 to 196, the House also accepted its Budget Committee's recommendation with one major change—a \$3 billion reduction in the deficit, to \$70 billion.

Key Guide. Whether that restraint will continue is uncertain. The House and Senate budget proposals will now go to a joint conference committee, which will reconcile the difference. The eventual joint recommendation will be a key guideline. Congress can later add new spending programs, but Ford would probably veto them. Last week the President did veto a bill that would have raised price supports and income guarantees to farmers (TIME, April 28).

The threat of excessive federal spending still concerns many economists more than the prospect of an overly slow recovery. Testifying before the Senate Banking Committee last week, Arthur Burns, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, conceded that unemployment, which rose last month to 8.9%, is now the nation's No. 1 economic problem. To assist the economy's re-

covery and ease unemployment, Burns pledged that the Fed would increase the nation's money supply by 5% to 7.5% until next March. It was the first time that the Fed had ever specified monetary targets in advance. Burns had to do so to comply with new legislation. But Burns insisted that inflation remains the No. 1 long-term problem. Excessive congressional spending on stimulative programs and high federal borrowing, he warned, could lead to a budget deficit of \$100 billion for fiscal '76. That, in turn, could reignite ruinous double-digit inflation.

Even so, until the public is confident that an upturn has definitely begun, Congress is bound to come under increasing pressure to do more. Unfortunately, last week's economic news indicated that it will be some time before the pressure lifts. The index of leading indicators in March continued its downward trend. New orders to manufacturers fell 3% in March after a February rally, the sixth decline in seven months. Farm prices rose 4% in April, meaning that the present low inflation rate of 3.7% is likely to edge upward a bit.

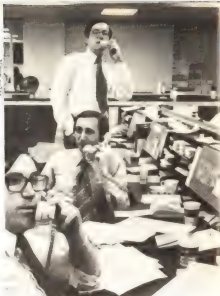
Paced by the nation's low-flying airlines, which lost a grand total of \$151 million, many U.S. corporations experienced their worst quarter since the end of World War II. Ford dipped \$11 million into the red—the loss would have been \$106 million except for an accounting change—and Chrysler reported a \$117 million deficit before taxes. Even General Motors had its lowest first-quarter earnings (\$59 million) since 1946. Worse still, the long-awaited spring revival of auto sales has so far failed to materialize. As stocks of unsold autos began rising again last week, Chrysler reinstated price-rebate plans and Ford is stripping down some models to sell them at a lower price.

WALL STREET

Reforming the Exchanges

Economists have long defined a "perfect" market as one in which, among other things, all buyers are equally well-informed about what is for sale at what price. In theory, the stock market is supposed to be that kind of market, but in practice some investors are more equal than others. For one thing, big ones almost always have better information about what stocks to buy than the little guy. Also, during a typical trading day a stock may sell for slightly varying prices on exchanges in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles, with potential buyers in various parts of the country none the wiser because there is no common ticker tape simultaneously reporting all trades.

These and other inequities are the targets of reform legislation that has al-



SELLING SECURITIES AT MERRILL LYNCH
Toward a more "perfect" market.

ready cleared both houses of Congress and was being smoothed out in a House-Senate conference committee last week. Lawmakers hope to have a bill ready for President Ford's signature by the end of the month.

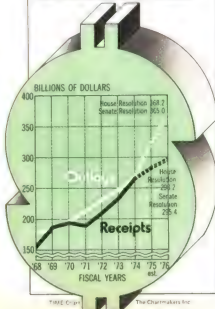
Another Blow. Bitterly contested by Wall Street, the omnibus legislation challenges the established securities industry on almost every front. In an effort to shed light on the activities of powerful institutional investors, who do around 70% of the market's business, the act would require major money managers to tell the Securities and Exchange Commission what they are buying and selling. The SEC would be required to make the information public.

Another measure would eliminate the New York Stock Exchange's Rule 394, which has the effect of forcing Big Board member firms to do most of their trading on the exchange floor instead of doing business off the exchange with dealers in the so-called third market. Opponents say that elimination of this rule would weaken the nation's oldest (183 years) and most important stock exchange. The House version would strike still another blow at Big Board "clubbiness" by eliminating the limit on the number of N.Y.S.E. seats, now at 1,366.

The legislation's most important feature would mandate the SEC or the securities industry—just which must be worked out in conference—to set up an advisory board to study ways of establishing a truly central, national stock exchange. On it would be listed stocks of all public companies, not just those on the ticker tapes of the bigger exchanges. Prices would be flashed to all investors simultaneously. The central market will be foreshadowed in June when a consolidated ticker tape will begin showing trades on the New York and other stock exchanges.

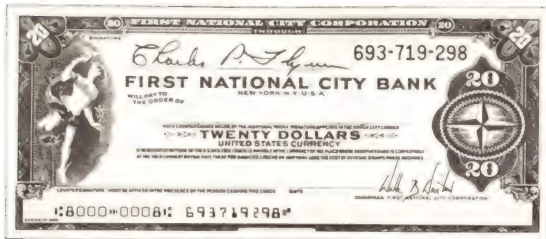
The legislation will climax a turbulent period of reform, most of it a reaction to market inefficiencies of the

Widening U.S. Deficit



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ECONOMY & BUSINESS

1960s. Just last week there came one of the most important changes in more than a century. By order of the SEC, Wall Street's barnacled fixed-commission system ended, leaving investors free to negotiate with brokers over what fees they will pay to buy or sell stock.

Record Profit. Inflation commissions had been resisted by much of Wall Street for years, and their May 1 advent had been ominously labeled "Mayday" (TIME, April 28). Yet Mayday came and went with few surprises. Some firms raised commissions to small investors. Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, the industry's leader, increased rates an average of 3% on orders of up to \$5,000. But Blyth Eastman Dillon held commissions at present levels for small investors, trimmed them by 8% or more on larger deals for institutional clients. Bargain brokers popped up; one advertised commission cuts of 75% on "all but the smallest trades."

Wall Street is in good shape to withstand the intensified competition. Helped by heavy trading volume, member firms of the N.Y.S.E. scored a record profit of \$287.9 million in the first quarter. And the Dow Jones industrial average, spurred partly by traders' hopes that new rivalry on commissions would bring more small buyers back into the market, spurted 36 points last week, to close at an eleven-month high of 848.

MARKETING

Once Is Not Enough

Once a phenomenon limited chiefly to the auto industry, recalls of defective products have burgeoned into a way of business life that affects makers and buyers of all sorts of items—TV sets, toothbrushes, light bulbs, oven cleaners, snowmobiles, power saws, mattresses and cosmetics. Cars still account for a sizable portion of the recalls: from 1966

REPLACING PARTS IN A PANASONIC TV



ONE place where inflation has not made the dollar cheaper is the Government's greenback-manufacturing Bureau of Engraving and Printing. Rising paper and ink prices have pushed the cost of printing 1,000 bills of any denomination from \$7.76 to \$11 in the past three years. To cut costs, Bureau Director James A. Conlon wants to re-introduce the \$2 bill, which was retired from circulation in 1966—by which time it was being issued in such small numbers that it had become a curiosity.

He estimates that by printing 450 million two-spots a year, the Bureau could cut its \$1 bill output in half and save \$4 million. Conlon suggests leaving Thomas Jefferson on the face of the bill and engraving a Bicentennial theme on the back. The American Revolution Bicentennial Administration has endorsed the idea, and the Federal Reserve Board has commissioned the Harvard Business School to conduct a marketing survey of the \$2 bill's public acceptability.

through the end of February 1975, 45.7 million foreign and domestic autos were called back for inspection or actual repair. But in 1974 alone, 25 million product units other than cars were recalled, according to E. Patrick McGuire, marketing management research director of the Conference Board, a nonprofit research institution partly financed by businesses. He uses a Government definition of recalls that includes not only actual returns of products for refund or replacement but also repairs carried out in consumers' homes.

In each of the next five years, McGuire predicts, the number of recalls will grow by 10% to 15%; and all auto manufacturers, 75% of the television-set makers and more than half of all home-appliance makers will recall at least some of their products. One reason: stiffer Government safety regulations, pressure from consumer advocates and the increasing complexity of many products, which multiplies trouble. "The cost to companies could easily run up to \$1 billion a year," says McGuire.

For some companies, a recall can spell financial disaster. For example, the Food and Drug Administration, which also has jurisdiction over radiation-emitting products, recently ordered the recall of 400,000 Panasonic color-television sets, almost 280,000 of which were in the hands of consumers. The FDA suspected the sets of being radiation hazards. To locate and repair the sets could cost Panasonic's Japanese owner, Matsushita Electric Industrial Co., about \$11 million, which is equal to Panasonic's U.S. profits for the past several years.

In February and March, the FDA issued recall orders for more than 1,000 cardiac-pacemaker units that are prone to premature failure or that cause too

high pulse rates. On a lower order of urgency, the FDA last month announced the recall of 1,600 dozen "Brownie tote brushes," which are toothbrushes made to be used exclusively by Brownies. The item's handle bears the official insignia of this younger order of Girl Scouts but has a tendency to snap in two.

Makers of expensive medical devices and major appliances often get back up to 90% or more of the products that they recall for safety reasons; owners of such items are registered with doctors or manufacturers and are easy to locate. Automobile recalls are successful about 60% of the time. But among the products ordered recalled by the two-year-old Consumer Product Safety Commission—mostly items used around the home—an average of no more than 10% to 20% are ever returned by consumers. Although manufacturers, distributors and retailers are required to notify the CPSC as soon as they learn of a "substantial product hazard," recalls are no longer unusual and are less widely publicized than they used to be—so fewer consumers pay attention.

Trouble Light. Even recall campaigns involving products with defects that could be fatal to consumers have evoked little in the way of a response. In 1974, the CPSC issued a recall order for a \$2 "trouble light" distributed mainly by Pennsylvania-based Action Industries. The device, when held a certain way, could electrocute a user, and one already had done so. Action Industries hired a public relations firm to mount a nationwide campaign publicizing the dangers and the recall of the item and offering a full refund. But only 15% of the 145,000 or so lights that had been sold to consumers were returned. The rest either were thrown out or are still in use.



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poisoning, or some other kind of respiratory and circulatory emergency.

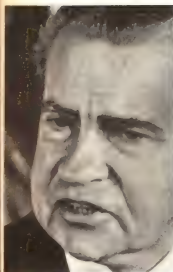
To acquire a real understanding of cardiopulmonary resuscitation (CPR) and how to apply it, it is necessary to complete a supervised CPR course. Information on the course can be obtained from your local Heart Association or Red Cross chapter.

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BOOKS

Post-Mortem: The Unmaking of a President

HOW THE GOOD GUYS FINALLY WON
by JIMMY BRESLIN
192 pages, Viking, \$6.95.

U.S. v. RICHARD M. NIXON
by FRANK MANKIEWICZ
263 pages, Quadrangle, \$8.95.

THE LAST NIXON WATCH
by JOHN OSBORNE
213 pages, New Republic, \$7.95.

WATCHMEN IN THE NIGHT
by THEODORE C. SORESENSEN
167 pages, M.I.T. Press,
\$8.95.

BREACH OF FAITH
by THEODORE H. WHITE
356 pages, Atheneum-Reader's Digest
Press, \$10.95.

Rushed, flawed, repetitive, sometimes contradictory, the first wave of post-Nixon Watergate books is now in full flood. The question is: Do the writers have anything much to say that Americans really want to hear? The answer is a qualified yes. Some new nuggets of Nixonian intrigue rise to the surface. Diverse perspectives are offered on the men around the President—Mitchell, Haldeman and Ehrlichman—on precisely what brought Nixon down, and on how the Government and press have been affected. Most notably, these books provide small, sharp, almost novelistic insights into the personal struggles—some devilish, some inspiring—of individuals caught up in the scandal.

Rootless Outsider. Watergate is too recent to permit calm interpretation. Yet four professional President watchers and one street-wise verbal brawler with a police reporter's eye and literary style to match, have dared to look back in anger or regret. Perhaps because Americans are weary of grandiose pronouncements, it is the writers who think smallest who seem most worth reading.

Jimmy Breslin's book, which bristles with anecdotes and is embellished with Irish blarney, is the best of the lot.

Of the other four writers, Theodore White, author of *The Making* of many Presidents, including Nixon, is the only one to offer a total read for anyone who wants to wallow in Watergate. He skillfully retells the whole story of the President's fall, even dealing with his character as a rootless outsider who bitterly resented social slights offered him by men like Eisenhower and Rockefeller. Most important, White's book includes an absorbing day-by-day account, based on personal interviews, of what the President and the men around him—especially General Alexander Haig and Lawyers Leonard Garment and James St. Clair—were doing during the final weeks of the crisis. For some days, White says, Haig was in fact the country's "Acting President" as he maneuvered to help bring about a resignation, while the moody Nixon veered between defensive anger and despair.

White sometimes seems trapped between his gift for swift narratives and his fondness for sweeping analysis. Quite properly, he assails Nixon for his "true crime: he destroyed the myth that binds America together . . . the myth that somewhere in American life there is at least one man who stands for law, the President." Yet he overpraises Nixon's non-Watergate presidential actions at home and abroad, even to the bombing of Hanoi and the Cambodia "incursion." White is also dealing in vapors when he contends that the press turned wrathfully upon Nixon because its "chief public enemy," Spiro Agnew, "had been spared the shame and public guillotine of impeachment."

Theodore Sorensen's spare but sprightly volume focuses on a much narrower question: What now for the presidency? In the wry, graceful prose that

lent class to the speeches of President Kennedy, Sorensen clings unfashionably to the liberal yearning for strong Presidents. Yet he admits that Kennedy, too, was error-prone and hobbled by the federal bureaucracy and congressional bief. Because "the power to do great harm is also the power to do great good," Sorensen would have his President strongly accountable to an aroused press, Congress, the courts and above all the people. On the grounds that the qualities now necessary to win elections are less and less likely to produce a good President, Sorensen also includes some criteria for judging a presidential candidate in mid-campaign. Among them: a sense of humor and delight in the give and take of politics, an ability to take criticism, admit mistakes and choose campaign aides who are more or less open in dealing with the press.

Politically Doomed. John Osborne and Frank Mankiewicz approach the story from a different point of view. Osborne is a veteran independent journalist, and his book consists mainly of reprints from his fine "Nixon Watch" columns in the *New Republic*. They demonstrate once again how perceptive Osborne was in sensing ahead of the rest of the press that the President was politically doomed and that Nixon's psychological stability was doubtful. Osborne's most memorable material is a discussion of the almost Queeg-like attention to petty detail that characterized Nixon's White House work habits long before Watergate. (He ordered log books to be kept on which White House paintings drew praise from visitors, and spent hours poring over inventories of the hundreds of cuff links, ashtrays and copies of *Six Crises* that were given out.)

Frank Mankiewicz is a journalist and lawyer—as well as former campaign manager for George McGovern—and he makes an insistent point: it was not the press that brought Nixon down, but the law—respect for it and for the kind

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Help yourself and all of us in preserving and conserving the elements that give a sense of pride, of place, of history and of continuity to our lives.

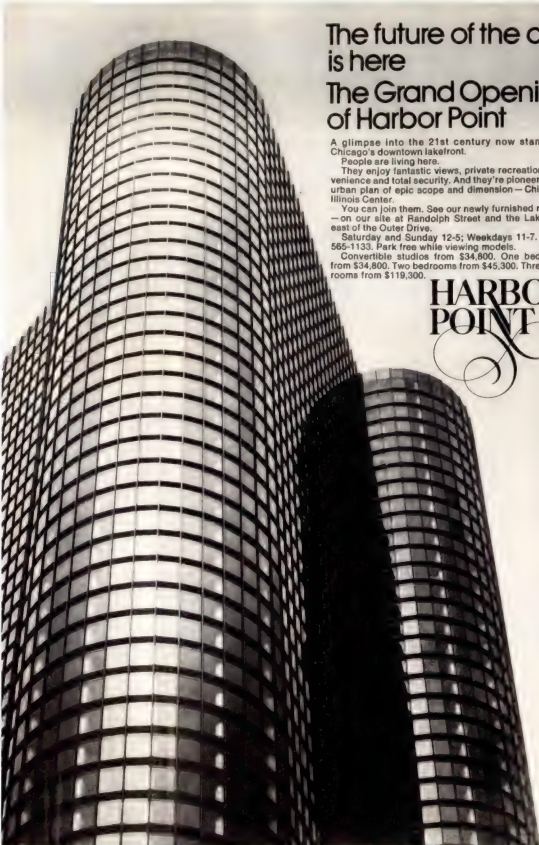
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of step-by-step preparation and pursuit that due process requires. Mankiewicz is especially sharp at pointing out the lies and equivocations of Nixon's TV statements and press conferences.

Jimmy Breslin shows the bias of a clubhouse politician who understands the fast fix and the low squeeze; still he has nothing but disdain for any high flyer who thinks he can corrupt and deceive a whole nation. Last summer Breslin had the productive and pleasant idea of guzzling and gabbing regularly with a savvy fellow Irishman: Democratic House Leader Thomas P. ("Tip") O'Neill (TIME cover, Feb. 4, 1974). It is Breslin's theory that those Washington politicians who create around them the "illusion of power" (like "beautiful blue smoke rolling over the surface of highly polished mirrors") often end up by acquiring real power and making things happen. O'Neill, whose duties as majority leader carry no defined authority, knew this. According to Breslin, he craftily manipulated mirrors and wafted subtle smoke on Capitol Hill to set the congressional impeachment bureaucracy into unchecked motion.

Beyond the Pole. As Breslin tells it the story is fascinating. O'Neill first realized that Nixon had gone beyond the political pale when he learned that Democratic businessmen in trouble with federal agencies were being clubbed into becoming Democrats for Nixon in 1972. The experience of George Steinbrenner, owner of an Ohio shipbuilding firm and part owner of the New York Yankees, was the eye opener. Steinbrenner had been a stalwart Democratic fund raiser during the 1968 campaign. Soon he was being investigated by IRS and the Justice Department. "They are holding the lumber over my head," Steinbrenner told O'Neill when Tip asked him for contributions to McGovern in 1972.

Breslin describes how Steinbrenner was advised by a former Nixon law partner, Tom Evans, to see Herbert Kalmbach, Nixon's personal attorney. Speaking euphemistically about Steinbrenner's agency troubles, Kalmbach warned: "You do a lot of business in Washington; you would do well to get with the right people." Kalmbach suggested that Steinbrenner should give \$3,000 to each of 33 Nixon committees and \$1,000 to another. Total: \$100,000. Steinbrenner did just that. After he reluctantly became a Democrat for Nixon, his Government troubles faded (though he later received a fine for illegally using corporate funds as political donations). When O'Neill heard Steinbrenner's story, he knew he was in the presence of a "plain, old-fashioned god-damned shakedown." Thereafter, he began saying of Nixon, "This fellow is going to get himself impeached."

In early 1973, well before the Ervin committee hearings, O'Neill told Speaker Carl Albert to prepare for impeachment proceedings. "Not being a lawyer,"

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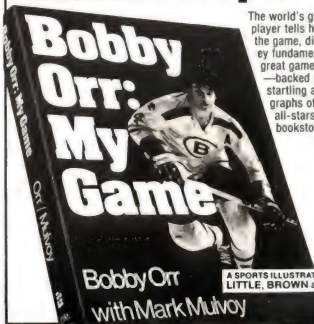
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Breslin writes, "O'Neill did not know that he was using such terribly unsure methods as instinct, a little anger and a boxcar full of common sense. Soon the word was getting back to O'Neill, mirror fashion: impeachment was in the wind. Slyly, O'Neill labeled such talk "premature." He did not want a hasty vote that Nixon would probably win; once the facts were marshaled, he was sure the votes would be there.

Impeachment Timetable. After the October 1973 Saturday Night Massacre, in which Archibald Cox and William Ruckelshaus were fired and Elliot Richardson resigned, O'Neill and Albert quietly channeled the impeachment inquiry to Peter Rodino's Judiciary Committee, even though the House had not voted to do so. More smoke. Without any authority, O'Neill pushed Rodino into speeding the se-

NANCY CRAMPTON



JIMMY BRESLIN

A plain, old-fashioned shakedown.

lection of an impeachment counsel, then into setting an impeachment timetable. John Doar was selected as counsel. O'Neill brandished pro-impeachment polls and the timetable at Congressmen. More mirrors.

With some literary license, plenty of overblown prose but considerable underlying accuracy, Breslin relates how Doar's staff compiled all the details of Nixon's activities after the Watergate break-in on index cards—an original and six copies. The cards were then organized into various files and shuffled about on desks until patterns began to emerge. Every time Nixon inhaled, Breslin writes, "somewhere in the file cabinets, seven cards would breathe with him." It was the cards, for instance, that convinced Doar's staff that Nixon was lying as early as June 20, 1973—three days after the Watergate burglary and arrests. The presidential staff had assembled that day for the first time since

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"TIP" O'NEILL

Smoke signals and mirrors.

the scandal broke—yet Nixon publicly insisted he had never asked his aides about it. No way. Moreover, 18½ minutes of a Nixon talk were erased. Breslin concludes: "Anybody with any sense in the White House knew who had erased the tape. Nixon had." Breslin quotes a diehard Nixon aide, Dean Burch, as being in total agreement.

Fatally Honest. Breslin also turned up a previously undisclosed—and disheartening—Nixon taped conversation. Rodino had heard it with dismay, and got his committee's ranking Republican, Edward Hutchinson, to agree to its suppression. It was too inflammatory and too divisive. "The Italians," Nixon told John Ehrlichman, "they're not like us."

They smell different, they look different, act different... The trouble is, you can't find one who is honest." To his sorrow, the President ran into not one Italian, Rodino, but a second, John Sirica, who from Nixon's point of view was fatally honest.

How the Good Guys Finally Won also provides new examples of the tenacity that Nixon's people displayed in fighting to avoid impeachment—in this case a desperate White House effort to link Rodino with New Jersey racketeers. First, White House aides tried to peddle this claim to Washington newsmen. Worse yet, Jeb Stuart Magruder, the Nixon sycophant who had already gone to prison piously repenting his Watergate lies, tried to curry pardonable favor behind bars. Magruder emphatically denies the story, but according to Breslin, Magruder approached former New Jersey Congressman Cornelius Gallagher, who was serving time for income tax evasion, when both were in the Allenwood, Pa., prison farm. "Peter Rodino is going to be wiped out," Magruder is quoted as telling Gallagher. "If you could help, that's all we need. And then you would be out of here clean with a



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BOOKS

pardon." Gallagher apparently gave no information on Rodino, but passed the word to friends in Washington about Nixon's tactics.

None of the books conclusively answers the lingering Watergate question. How could so many clever men around Nixon profess to believe him long after most of the press and public found his story incredible and his claims of protecting the presidency a self-serving fraud? Breslin, perhaps unfairly, contends that Texan Charles Alan Wright, Nixon's constitutional expert, simply learned too late that "when the client is a liar and you believe him, he takes you down with him." Osborne doubts that Nixon's third lawyer, St. Clair, was ever as naive about the President's guilt as he seemed. White, quoting another Nixon lawyer, Leonard Garment, offers the most plausible clue: "There was this wishful non-knowingness." Garment recalled: "We didn't want to get together and put all the pieces together. We were afraid of what we might find out."

Bitter Mystery. Though the moral side of Richard Nixon's tragedy may still be regarded as a bitter mystery, the mechanical steps that led to it are perhaps easier to explain than these books suggest. He never thought a President could be forced to yield those damning tapes. He apparently believed that the big lie, repeated often enough from the sanctity of the Oval Office, would prevail. He never understood the Coxes, Doars, Jaworskis, O'Neills, Rodinos and Siricacs of this nation. They were too "different." ■ Edward Magnuson

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A Battle Over Justice

It happens, in films, to the very best. Indeed, it happens especially to the very best, because they are the ones least willing to compromise. A director who dismisses the countless suggestions of his financial backers risks alteration—and frequently mutilation—of his work.

Twenty minutes of Michelangelo Antonioni's *The Passenger* (TIME, April 14) were deleted before its American release. Currently, a new work by Marcel Ophüls is being re-edited and thoroughly reworked. *The Memory of Justice*, a meticulous and moving examination of the Nuremberg war trials, was made with the same stringent conscience and intellect that characterized *The Sorrow and the Pity*. Ophüls' monumental study of France during the Resistance. *The Memory of Justice* is an equally important film. Now it is being hacked by its producers into a routine documentary.

Mr. Deeds. The British Broadcasting Corporation, usually invoked as a standard of corporate liberalism by which American television is unfavorably judged, is deeply involved in the struggle over *The Memory of Justice*. After a screening of Ophüls' original version of the film, one BBC official offered that classic Hollywood criticism: "My ass hurt."

In 1973, Ophüls struck up an agreement with the BBC, Polytel International, a television packaging company, and a British production company, Visual Programme Systems Ltd., to make a film on the Nuremberg trials, and their application—or lack of it—to subsequent events, particularly the American participation in Viet Nam. Ophüls set out to explore the contested—some would say outrageous—theory that Nazi genocide and tragedies like My Lai are somehow comparable, an idea that had wide currency a few years ago. He had been

inspired by U.S. Chief Counsel Telford Taylor's book *Nuremberg and Vietnam: An American Tragedy*, which holds that American officials are accountable in the war but that there is no correlation between systematic obliteration and massacre in the field. Taylor was to play an important part in *The Memory of Justice*. "He was our Mr. Deeds," says Ophüls now.

Ophüls submitted an outline of his proposed film, along with a list of other "possible witnesses and interviewees." Albert Speer, Dr. Howard Levy and General Vo Nguyen Giap were on the list, as well as such prominent architects of American involvement as Robert McNamara and McGeorge Bundy. Ophüls stressed, however, that the lineup of people to be interviewed would have to depend on the budget and on whom would be available. The similarities between Nazi Germany and America in Viet Nam were, for Ophüls, "an open question—but one that had to be explored." He also insisted that the final form could not be outlined because the film itself had to reflect his process of investigation. These conditions, appended to Ophüls' contract, do not appear to have caused any problems.



DIRECTOR MARCEL OPHÜLS IN PRINCETON

Ophüls divided *The Memory of Justice* into two parts. The first, "Nuremberg and the Germans," explored the impact the trial has had on the German conscience. "Nuremberg and the Others" considered how the moral precepts established at the time may have been breached by the French in Algeria and, especially, by America in Viet Nam. The producers are dismayed that Ophüls failed to show any prominent U.S. Government officials. More important, they claim that Ophüls did not deliver the movie for which he contracted. "We bought a concept, with particular stress on the interviews," David Puttnam of V.P.S. explained to TIME's Lawrence Malkin in London. "We got a long, rambling personal statement, which is commercial death for us." Ophüls' original intention had begun to change during filming, as he had warned might happen. He informed the producers of the change in a memo written the day before the first screening that he "was unable to crosscut, say, Auschwitz and Viet Nam emotionally. I have found it wrong."

Ophüls had produced a film about what he calls "the necessity of judgment, as opposed to the impossibility of judgment." It was after all the producers had got their first look at the film that the fury really began.

Bitter Charges. Puttnam urged Ophüls to be more aggressive in his approach, or, as he put it, "more fascist." Ever since, there have been bitter charges and recriminations. Ophüls believes that the producers wanted a bit of glib radical chic, like the current *Hearts and Minds*. The backers charge that Ophüls wanted the film to be six hours long (his contract dictated a maximum length of 4½ hours) and became intractable when this possibility was denied. "Bunk," says the director, who proposed an "ideal" length of six hours but cut the film down to 4 hours 38 minutes. He was prepared to cut the last eight minutes when, after months of acrimony, he and the producers quarreled irrevocably. Puttnam and his partner, Sandy Lieberman, claim that Ophüls quit. Ophüls says he did not.

Blurred Copy. He returned to Princeton, where he has been teaching V.P.S., with the support of the BBC, brought in Documentary Film Maker Lutz Becker (*Swastika*) to reshape Ophüls' original into something more to their liking. In March, a loyalist working on the production managed to get hold of a blurred work copy of the 4 hours 38 minutes of Ophüls' version and spirited it off to the U.S. Since then, Ophüls has screened the only existing copy of his film—"the version," he says, "I'll stand by"—for critics and friends, in an effort to drum up support.

The Memory of Justice is a remarkable film, mostly for the reasons the producers did not like it: it is personal,



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painstaking, and does not wag an accusing finger. Producer Puttnam's comment that the film was too "personal" is, as Ophuls wrote him, "worse than useless." It also led the director to question whether the people who had hired him had ever seen *The Sorrow and the Pity* or *A Sense of Loss* (about Northern Ireland), films that were neither detached nor dispassionate, and which employed the same scrupulous techniques.

The controversy that Ophuls has managed to stir up has rattled the producers. Lieberman told the *London Times* two weeks ago, "We never tried to impose our philosophical ideas on the movie." In fact, the film, which is now approximately 3½ hours long, severely alters Ophuls' intention. Many of his interview questions have been cut, along with footage of his family (his wife was a member of Hitler Youth) and of Germany during the Weimar Republic and later in the painful process of denazification. Also excised was a scene of middle-aged Germans, nude in a mixed sauna, discussing their feelings toward Jews. The BBC had particularly objected to the sequence on the ground that public hair had no place in a political film.

High Figure. What Becker has added is flashy combat footage from Viet Nam. Ophuls wrote in a memorandum to the producers that "theatrical equations (Auschwitz-Napalm or Hitler-Nixon) ... could only lead to the reinforcement of cynicism and hopelessness. My position on this issue is closer, finally, to Telford Taylor than to Daniel Ellsberg." Becker's version comes down strongly on the Ellsberg side, seeming to countenance his assertion that American policymakers were "guilty in the same way that German officials were guilty."

The result of all this anger and obfuscation is that audiences are likely to see a major film—perhaps a great one—only in truncated form. The BBC and Polytel have already approved the Becker version. David Puttnam says V.P.S. will sell the Ophuls version for "any serious offer in the region of 112,000 pounds sterling" (\$263,200), a forbiddingly high figure for a documentary based on V.P.S.'s accounting of the film's cost. It is also an estimate heatedly contested by Ophuls, who says that he has not been shown the budget since last July, despite the fact that he was the nominal producer of the film.

In any case, if V.P.S. gets no takers, the negative of the film will "soon" be cut to conform with Becker's recasting. Ophuls has notified Puttnam and Lieberman that he wants "no credit at all" on the aborted version of *The Memory of Justice*, and if they use his name he will "sue the pants off them." The backers—particularly the BBC—still may use Ophuls' name, perhaps in some nebulous phrasing like "Conceived by Marcel Ophuls." No one who has seen any of Ophuls' previous work would ever believe it.

■ Jay Cockis

Serious Pleasure

As the trainer of a horse that had won ten out of eleven races and was rated the commanding favorite to win the Kentucky Derby, LeRoy Jolley could not be blamed if he felt a little cocky before the 101st Derby last week. Jolley, though, was anything but arrogant about his sleek bay colt, Foolish Pleasure. And for good reason: 13 years ago Jolley, then an untested young trainer, came to Churchill Downs with popular favorite Ridan, only to see his horse fade in the stretch and finish third in the 1½-mi. test for three-year-olds. This year a similar disappointment seemed possible, since Foolish Pleasure was nursing the soles of his front hoofs, which had been torn as he lost the Florida Derby in late March. Right up to Derby day, Jolley and his assistants applied healing turpentine to Foolish Pleasure's hoofs.

When the field of 15 thoroughbreds broke from the starting gate Saturday afternoon, Jolley thought that his worst fears might be confirmed. Foolish Pleasure, with Panamanian jockey Jacinto Vasquez at the reins, quickly dropped back to a distant twelfth, far from his usual position close to the pace. Born-bay Duck, bred for speed, held the early lead, but as the stallions pounded down the backstretch, Avatar, a California mount, moved up to challenge. Foolish Pleasure, running on the rail, was still no better than seventh. "He looked as if he wasn't handling the track too well," Jolley explained later.

The pressure increased as the horses turned down the homestretch before 113,000 screaming fans. Avatar, ridden by three-time Derby Winner Bill Shoemaker, was striding powerfully into the

lead, with Diabolo, another California product, second. Foolish Pleasure was fourth but charging fast as Vasquez began whipping his horse. Suddenly he got an unexpected break: Diabolo and Avatar bumped, momentarily slowing down, and Foolish Pleasure shot ahead with less than one-eighth of a mile to go. "I couldn't see anything but the wire and the track," said Vasquez. "I knew nobody could catch us then." The winning time: an average 2:02.

Bakery Magnate. For conservative horseplayers who had bet on Foolish Pleasure, the payoff was a miserly \$5.80. For the winner's owner, John Greer, a banker and bakery magnate in Tennessee, the return was a more satisfying \$209,000, bringing Foolish Pleasure's career earnings to \$673,000. Greer bought him as a yearling for \$20,000.

The most satisfied man at the track, though, was undoubtedly Jolley. A look-alike but not act-alike for Comedian Bob Newhart, the taciturn Jolley, 37, was bred for the Derby. Born in Hot Springs, Ark., while his father, Trainer Moody Jolley, was racing there, LeRoy was a stable veteran at 19, when he received a trainer's license in New York and dropped out of the University of Miami to race full time. Foolish Pleasure was only his second Derby entry in an otherwise solid but unspectacular career. One of the hardest workers in the business, Jolley says: "Most people wonder how a trainer can work seven days a week, 365 days a year. But to me the day just wouldn't seem complete without a trip to the barn in the morning." The Derby victory, added to Foolish Pleasure's other conquests over his peers, makes him a convincing contender for the Triple Crown.

FOOLISH PLEASURE, JACINTO VASQUEZ ABOARD, FLYING DOWN DERBY HOMESTRETCH

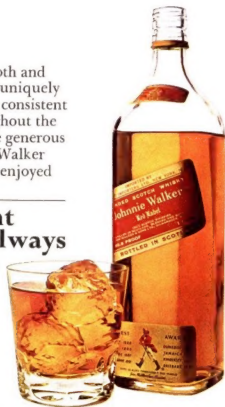




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A man and a woman are on a beach. The woman, with blonde hair, is wearing a red one-piece swimsuit and is walking barefoot. The man, with dark hair, is wearing a dark blue wetsuit with white stripes on the sleeves and a yellow belt with square buckles. He is carrying a surfboard under his arm and has a cigarette in his mouth. They are standing next to a green station wagon with its trunk open. The car has a California license plate. The background shows a beach and the ocean.

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